WEEK ENDING DEC. 29, 1928

5c

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

"'Twas the Night Before Christmas"

JANIS ~ WEBSTER *and* HOPKINS ~ HALL ~ VANCE ~ SUTHERLAND

Supreme beauty of latest models in *nation-wide display*

1928 has been Willys-Overland's record year. Shipments totalled 325,000 cars—an 89% increase over 1927, as compared with a 28% increase for the whole industry. This dramatic advance brings Willys-Overland to a new starting point for still greater achievement in 1929.

At the New York Automobile Show next week, at subsequent shows throughout the country and at thousands of dealer showrooms, the Superior Whippet will establish new high standards for low-priced cars—Fours and Sixes. By seeing and driving these cars, you can prove to your own satisfaction how much further they have advanced over competition—in design, performance and value.

Artistically, the creation of master designers; mechanically, the triumph of progressive engineers—this new Superior Whippet is so far ahead that it surpasses even its own predecessor, and is well qualified to enhance Whippet's unequalled reputation for dependable operation and minimum service costs.

It will be decidedly worth while to visit your nearest Willys-Overland dealer as soon as the new Superior Whippet is on display.

WILLYS-OVERLAND, INC., TOLEDO, OHIO
WILLYS-OVERLAND SALES CO., LTD., TORONTO, CANADA

It's Film on Teeth that makes them dull—*remove it*

This Way Modern Dental Authorities Prescribe

FILM is the cause of dull, "off-color" teeth—and many commoner tooth and gum disorders. A special film-removing dentifrice is used.

WHY dental science wants you to keep teeth dazzling white is a new and interesting chapter in modern health and beauty.

Teeth, we are told, cannot be white or sparkling unless they are kept free from dingy film that forms each day. And film, it's proved by exhaustive scientific study, fosters serious tooth and gum disorders.

Thus teeth and gums to be healthy must be kept beautiful. Today, in accordance with leading dental practice, film is removed by a *special film-removing dentifrice*, called Pepsodent. Made solely for this purpose, because ordinary brushing alone fails to combat film successfully.

FILM—What it leads to

Film is that slippery, viscous coating on your teeth. You can feel it with the tongue.

Ricardo Sodero, announcer over WHN, is shown here with the Misses Nancy James and Dorothy Fitzgibbon, whom you have heard so often lately. Although unseen by their listeners, smiles are kept dazzling bright by Pepsodent.

It gets into crevices and clings so stubbornly that ordinary brushing fails to remove it successfully. Food discolors film and smoking stains it, thus teeth look dull and tarnished.

Film is the basis of tartar. It invites the acids of decay. Germs by the million breed in it. And germs, with tartar, are an accepted cause of pyorrhea.

Old ways having failed, dental science evolved this new practice in tooth care—*a special film-removing method*—known as Pepsodent.

How new way removes film

Embodying, as it does, the most recent approved dental findings, Pepsodent acts to curdle and loosen film and then in gentle safety to the delicate enamel to remove it. This is the outstanding forward step in years of dental history and oral hygiene.

Embodies other properties

Pepsodent acts to intensify the alkalinity of saliva and thus to neutralize the acids of decay caused by fermenting starch in food.

Pepsodent also aids to firm and harden gums to a healthy pink condition—to stop all bleeding quickly.

Thus, in all protective measures, Pepsodent marks the utmost science knows in a modern dentifrice.

Ten days will show you

Your dentist, and Pepsodent used twice a day, offer you the best the world knows in modern tooth and gum care. Here health is synonymous with beauty.

Dentists know the secret of dazzling white smiles. "Keep dull film off your teeth," they say. That's why the use of Pepsodent, the special film-removing dentifrice, is so widespread today.

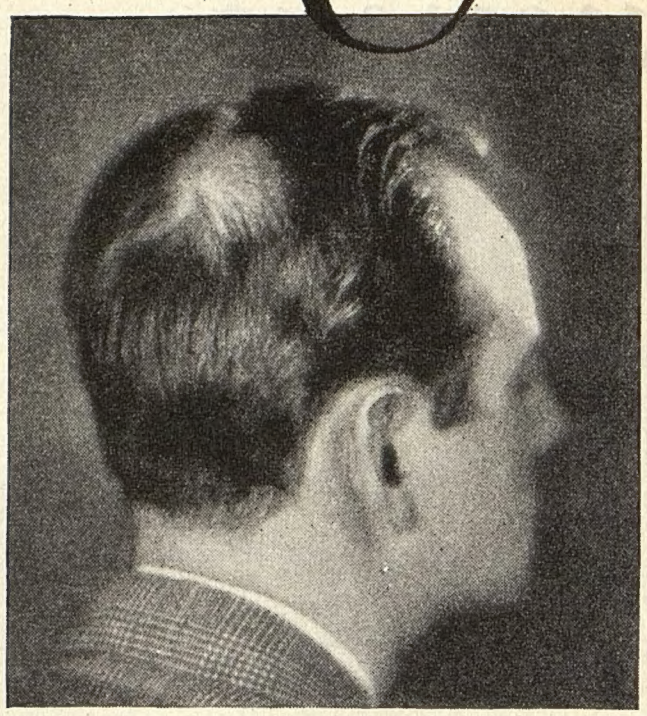
Get a large tube of Pepsodent wherever dentifrices are sold or write to nearest address below for free 10-day tube to try. See how much whiter teeth will be ten days from now, Gums will be firmer—decay combated. This is the way most dentists urge.

The Pepsodent Co., 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.; 191 George St., *Toronto 2*, Ont., Can.; 42 Southwark Bridge Rd., *London*, S. E. 1, Eng.; (Australia), Ltd., 72 Wentworth Ave., *Sydney*, N. S. W.

PAT. OFF. Pepsodent REG. U.S.

The Quality Dentifrice—Removes Film from Teeth

Everybody's hair falls



But make sure your scalp grows new hair regularly to replace what is lost

IF YOU didn't find a few hairs in your brush and comb every day, something would be wrong. For everybody sheds hair regularly. It's Nature's way of keeping your hair from becoming a burden and an impediment. Under ideal conditions, a person should lose hair at the same rate, and in the same quantity, that he grows it. The important thing is to make sure that you don't lose it any *faster* than you grow it. That *new* hair is constantly taking the place of what is shed. When hairs fall, those same hair follicles must produce new hair. If they once close up, it's hard to get them to function again. Before you know it, they've gone out of business altogether. Thin hair and baldness are the result.

Of course, you can't literally count the hairs you lose and the new ones you grow. But you can be on the safe side and give yourself regular treatment to encourage the growth of new hair.

Get a bottle of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic. Start today with the scalp treatment that is described here. This famous preparation has done wonders for people in preserving and improving their hair.

Begin with "Vaseline" Hair Tonic *now*, even if you still have a fairly thick head of hair. It's much easier to keep it that way than to get it back later on.

Scalp Massage

Part the hair, lock by lock, and apply a little "Vaseline" Hair Tonic directly on the scalp. Work it in well with the finger tips, using a rotary motion.

Begin at the back of the neck, behind the ears, at the temples (where hair usually first begins to get thin), and gradually work up to the crown of the head.

This massage loosens and relaxes the scalp. It stimulates circulation. Removes any incrustation of dandruff or dry, scaly skin that might impede the growth of new hair. Give new hair every chance to grow.

Notice how "alive" and tingly your whole scalp feels after the massage. "Vaseline" Hair Tonic leaves the head clean and healthy. Puts back the natural oil that has been too often dried or washed away.

Repeat this treatment before your regular shampoos, and in between times if necessary. Brush your hair vigorously night and morning to remove loose hairs and make room for the new ones.

Men use "Vaseline" Hair Tonic daily as a slicker, too. Rub a tiny bit on the palms of your hands and smooth them over your hair. It gives your head a sleek, well-groomed look.

"Vaseline" Hair Tonic is sold at all leading drug stores, in two convenient sized bottles. Specially designed shaker tops that make it easy and economical to use. Buy a bottle today. Made by the Chesebrough Manufacturing Company, 17 State Street, New York, N.Y.

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Vaseline
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

HAIR TONIC

DEC. 29, 1928

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 5 No. 52

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

MR. HOOVER GOES TO SOUTH AMERICA

Rather sagaciously and shrewdly, for a considerable portion of the time that intervenes between his election and his inauguration, Mr. Hoover has chosen to escape from the importunities of office-hunters by going to South America on a battleship.

Not many of the favor-seeking gentry will follow him to South America and few, if any, are likely to get on his battleship.

Which proves, right at the start, that Mr. Hoover knows his way around. No man not a politician has a happy time in the White House. Part of his job is to be a great statesman, and part of it to keep the office-seekers satisfied; and the latter part is both difficult and important. Mr. Hoover is preparing to approach it in his own way and in his own time.

The itinerary

Meanwhile, in going to South America he has taken a long step toward a new rapprochement among the nations of our own two continents, and we think it's fine.

After all, this hemisphere is an entity complete in itself. From Point Barrow to Patagonia you can find almost everything man needs for his uses—fur, fish, flesh, food in abundance, practically all the minerals, rubber and the tropical products generally; yes, almost everything.

We don't happen to remember that this hemisphere produces tea or rubies. The rubies we probably could get along without, in an emergency during a short period, but in the case of tea the writer of these lines thinks it's a pity. He would give three cups of coffee for one of tea any day. However, he realizes that he is in the minority on this side of the ocean.

Mr. Hoover is said to hope there will be a substantial increase of trade between the United States and the countries to the south of us. The principal countries with which we now trade are Great Britain, Canada, Germany, Japan, and France. To Canada alone in 1926 we sold nearly $750,000,000 worth of merchandise. The total for South America in the same year was about $450,000,000. Thus it is seen that the whole southern continent, with a population of 65,000,000, does not take from us as much as Canada alone, with a population of 9,000,000. One reason, of course, is that the means of transportation to Canada are easier; another, that the people of Canada are richer.

Even so, among the nations which deal with South America we now rank first. We export to South America mainly automobiles, agricultural implements, cotton and petroleum products, soft woods, iron and steel, office appliances, radio sets, and electrical apparatus. We receive from the South Americans mainly gold, silver, copper, tin, nitrates, coffee, cacao, hard woods, hides, flaxseed, and crude oil. In most of these commodities our trade, since the war, has outstripped that of all other countries.

Nevertheless it could easily be enlarged. Mr. Hoover is calling on a good prospect. Of course it can be enlarged only if it benefits both sides and is based on amicable relations; and that, clearly, is what our President-elect is down there for.

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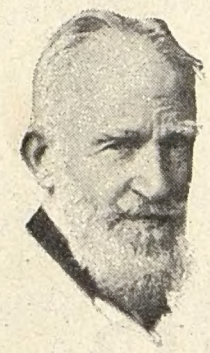
George Bernard Shaw

Requiescat, the most unusual short story of the year, by

Edward Hope

The Come-On Play, a tale of a girl and a gambler, by

Frank R. Adams

Saving Up, a story of youth and poverty and love, by

Elisabeth Sanxay Holding

December 29, 1928 LIBERTY Vol. 5, No. 52

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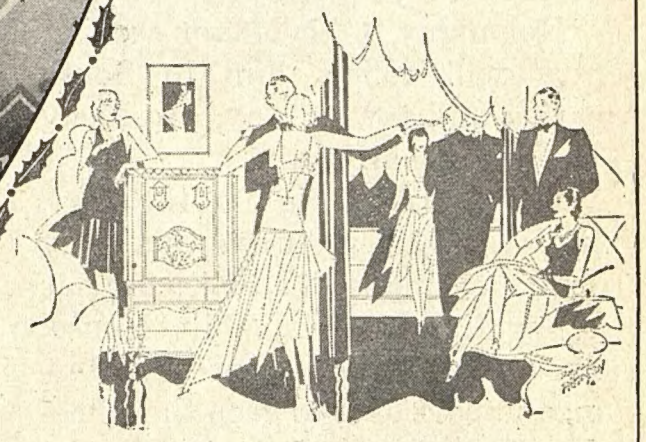
RADIOTRON UV-886
Ballast Tube

The standard by which other vacuum tubes are rated



A radio set that was a Christmas gift last year now needs a Christmas gift of a brand new set of RCA Radiotrons.

Look for this mark on every Radiotron

To maintain fine performance in a radio receiver, the manufacturers recommend a complete change of vacuum tubes after a year of average daily use. And the engineers advise that all tubes be changed at one time. Old tubes left in mar the performance of new ones.

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Reminiscences of a German Submarine Commander

A German U-boat picking up British survivors of the Battle of Jutland.

A Picture of War as the Other Side Saw It

By

Ernest Karl Becker

As told to Stanley Rushton

[Editor's Note: The author of this straightforward narrative served in the great naval Battle of Jutland as navigating officer on board the destroyer that fired the first German shot. From August, 1917, to the end of the war he commanded a U-boat, and one of his exploits was the capture of the passenger ship Brussels and the discovery of the evidence that resulted in the execution of her captain, Fryatt. He is now an American citizen, serving in the U. S. Coast Guard with the rank of chief boatswain's mate.]

IT was the same spirit which guided the blade of my pocketknife in creating miniature ships for launching upon the Rhine that called upon me to follow the little craft starting so bravely toward the open sea. It was a spirit which led me at school to be diligent in the study of astronomy, but to slight other branches which I was later to master without a tutor beneath smoking and swaying lamps in many a fo'c'sle, as I sailed the seven seas aboard windjammers of every nation, before I was to don the uniform of the Imperial Navy.

It had been taken for granted by my father, who later fell in battle as a captain of infantry, that I should enter the army, and it was with extreme reluctance that at the age of fourteen years parental consent was given for me to leave my home at Cologne for the journey to Bremen, where I went aboard the Prinzess Eitel Friedrich, a square rigged sailing vessel used in the training of youthful cadets for the merchant marine service.

But here, under the efficient and rigid discipline and instruction of naval officers, I found none of the colorful romance anticipated from clandestine perusal of a lurid library I had kept concealed in the hollow trunk of an apple tree at my home—a library, by the way, which included treasured German translations of the versatile American detective Nick Carter, that fearless Diamond Dick, and the dauntless Frank Merriwell.

Thus it was that at the end of ten months I deserted the training ship, with its four year course of preparation for the rank of deck cadet

The author as commander of a U-boat, in June, 1918

aboard a Hamburg-American liner or other passenger ship, and shipped as an ordinary seaman aboard the Sierra Miranda, a Norwegian bark, bound from its home port of Stavanger for South American ports. This was to be the beginning of sun-baked and salt-soaked years in which my schooling was to be frequently of soulless harshness and unreasoning brutality.

I was ready enough to flee the Sierra Miranda when we reached Brazil, sacrificing my wages and reaching shore only with my tatters of the fo'c'sle and a fair knowledge of fighting the sea. I next found myself aboard a British ship bound for Australia, and from there to the west coast of South America, whence I shipped aboard an American schooner bound for San Francisco. I had often heard warnings and yarns of unspeakable horrors to be expected aboard Yankee "hell ships," but found this berth a far more comfortable one and with better food than I had encountered under other flags.

Out of Frisco I sailed aboard a full rigged ship for Hongkong and finally, with my pocket jingling the gold of my wages, I went ashore confident that here at last would I meet with adventure. Instead, I awoke the following morning with a head that seemed ready to explode.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[REMINISCENCES OF A GERMAN SUBMARINE COMMANDER]
Continued from page seven

I had no means of knowing whether my pockets were emptied because they were missing, together with my shoes.

It was an American Negro, keeper of a sailors' boarding house in an ill smelling alley swarming with Orientals, who rescued me from this plight.

My black-skinned Samaritan dispatched a coolie to his boarding house and in a short time the native returned with a ragged quilt which I girded about myself, following with as much dignity as I could muster, as my grinning guide led the way to his rookery.

It required no keen wit on my part to discover that the Negro gained his livelihood through the shanghaiing of foremasthands for ships deserted by crews. This, no doubt, accounted for his friendly attitude toward me.

I managed to augment this feeling, however, with the aid of a battered accordion left behind by some guest. With this wheezing instrument I entertained my host with crude imitations of very early jazz which sent him into paroxysms of childish delight.

It was at the close of one of these jazz offerings that the Negro in a moment of generosity took me into his employ as a "crimp" or aid in luring sailors to the rookery, where he would give them "knockout drops" in a free drink.

He took me to a clothing shop, so that I could shed my bedquilt robe and strut in shoregoing finery. But that very night he must have repented of his generosity, or else have been hard pressed for men to shanghai, because when I awoke the following morning it was to bump my head painfully on the deck beams over my fo'c'sle bunk and stagger on the deck of an outward bound ship in response to the bellowings of a bucko mate.

I had left my home to go aboard the training ship in March, 1909, and in 1913 I found myself in Antwerp and paid my fare aboard a little Rhine steamboat that would carry me close to my home. But as the journey up the river progressed I became more and more painfully conscious of my horny and tar-stained hands, my untrimmed hair, my rough clothing and clumsy sea boots. As the boat neared the landing, my feet grew suddenly frigid within the boots, and in a panic I crouched behind the pilot house, imagining that the family and all my friends were gathered upon the pier.

With the last of my scant funds I paid for a return passage on the steamboat without setting foot ashore, and at dawn the following morning I was hauling upon the headsails of a brig bound for Spain and Portugal. But before I shipped I wrote to my parents, giving them the address of the ship's agents. Six months later I returned to find their reply, urging me to come home at once.

AFTER my visit home, which was not the frightful ordeal I had anticipated, but a most happy reunion, I spent the year 1914 as a bo's'n aboard German steamships making short runs to Swedish or Finnish ports. In 1915 I entered the navigation school at Hamburg and finally won a chief mate's certificate and returned to the short run steamships as second mate. We were rushing badly needed cargoes from Sweden to Germany at the outbreak of the war, and my service in the merchant marine was regarded as of such value that I was not called upon to serve in the Imperial Navy. But through some error I found a telegram at the end of the run from Sweden ordering me to report for such service at Kiel. A word from my skipper or the ship's agents would have set matters straight, but the call for adventure was again strong and I insisted upon responding.

In Bremen I waited all night in the railroad station for a train. I was again without funds and shivering in the chill without an overcoat, having left all my belongings aboard the ship I had just quit. When the ticket office was finally opened at dawn, I thrust my telegram under the wicket and was given a ticket to Kiel.

That telegram had waited two days for me, so that when I made my belated appearance at the Kiel naval depot I was naturally classified as one of the recruits who were "uncertain" or were trying to evade duty. Under such classification I was at first virtually under arrest and found myself reduced from my previous rank of watch officer aboard the cargo carrier to that of mere mess boy.

Then I found myself with hundreds in the same humble status. Many were captains of fine merchant ships and officers of fine families and social connections, but it would not have mattered if they had been scientists or the sons of admirals or generals—they were reduced during this period of training to mere mess flunkies.

It was the infantry drill, however, which proved the most severe trial. Day after day we were taken to a parade ground with mud ankle deep and, with rifle and full field equipment of the soldier at the front, compelled to goose-step and even stand for long periods on one foot as a preliminary training for our sea fighting. The drill sergeants realized that within a very short time the majority of us would be commissioned officers whom they would be compelled to salute, and as a result they rode us unmercifully while they could. Finally came the welcome day when I was assigned to a destroyer as an officer cadet.

The first engagement in which the destroyer to which I had been assigned took part was in February, 1916, when at night in a mighty gale sweeping the North Sea we encountered on the Dogger Bank four British mine cruisers.

The blackness of the night, the fury of the gale, and an absence of lights, of course, aboard both our flotilla and the enemy cruisers almost resulted in our meeting being a collision. We instantly dropped back and used torpedoes, the range being so close that a miss was almost impossible. We sent a torpedo at each of the two cruisers directly before us. Even though both scored hits, the stricken ships sank slowly and the British crews kept up a steady fire upon us as their cruisers were going down. This necessitated use of our ice-sheathed deck artillery, and with these guns we silenced one gun crew after another.

As the two cruisers finally went down, the sea was left covered with life rafts and capsized lifeboats, while hundreds of victims were clinging in the icy seas to deck gratings or bits of wreckage.

THIS was my introduction to war and it was horrifying. We lined our rails, using heaving lines and whatever ropes we could snatch up to carry on the rescue work. I recall that even the cloth from the officers' mess table was snatched off and twisted into a life line.

Then we turned on our searchlight to sweep the waters, and became the target for concentrated fire from the other two British cruisers then engaged with other destroyers of our flotilla. At times our light would pick up a raft just ahead and as we moved forward to the rescue our propeller would chop its way through floating bodies. The majority of those we drew over the side fell dead as they reached our deck. Their water-soaked clothing became an armor of ice the moment they were lifted from the water.

This encounter with the enemy on the Dogger Bank, however, was to be only a mere preliminary to the action three months later at Jutland. At the age of twenty years I had been assigned as navigating officer of the destroyer flotilla aboard the B-110, which at 4 o'clock, our time, on the afternoon of May 31, 1916, fired the first German shot in what was to be the greatest naval engagement in the world's history.

I shall make no attempt at a description of the Battle of Jutland, of which numerous accounts have been published from British sources. These accounts together with official German ones have been generally regarded as contradictory and unsatisfactory.

According to Admiral Jellicoe's list, the British had seventy-eight destroyers. He states that the Germans had eighty-eight destroyers, but apparently means eight full flotillas of eleven boats each.

It is difficult to compare the British and German destroyers; the British boats carried a heavier battery of guns; the Germans had six tubes each to the four of the British.

The B-110 was assigned to the second flotilla of the High Sea Torpedo Boat Destroyers, and that memorable afternoon we had received orders at our North Sea station to proceed to the west, where a steamer had been sighted.

We proceeded as directed and shortly picked up the smoke of the steamer which proved to be a Norwegian freight and passenger boat seeking to maintain a weekly schedule. The Norwegian skipper was just in the act of passing his papers over our side when I saw flashes on the western horizon. My first thought was that these flashes were from a heliograph aboard one of our vessels, but an instant later we heard the reports of guns and three geysers of water shot upward from the sea at our very side.

The Norwegian skipper was forgotten, and to this day I have often wondered whether his ship was trapped between the gunfires and destroyed.

These shells had no sooner burst in the sea at our side than we returned a salvo, and at the same time wirelessed the approach of enemy vessels to our battle cruisers and received orders to return at once to their base.

As we turned southward, the British cruisers, never ceasing their fire, took the same course, and thus we proceeded on parallel courses exchanging salvos at a distance of about six kilometers.

During this firing a lumber-laden schooner, probably a Norwegian craft, drifted directly between the B-110 and the enemy cruisers. I saw sails of the vessel vanish into ribbons and learned, long afterward, that

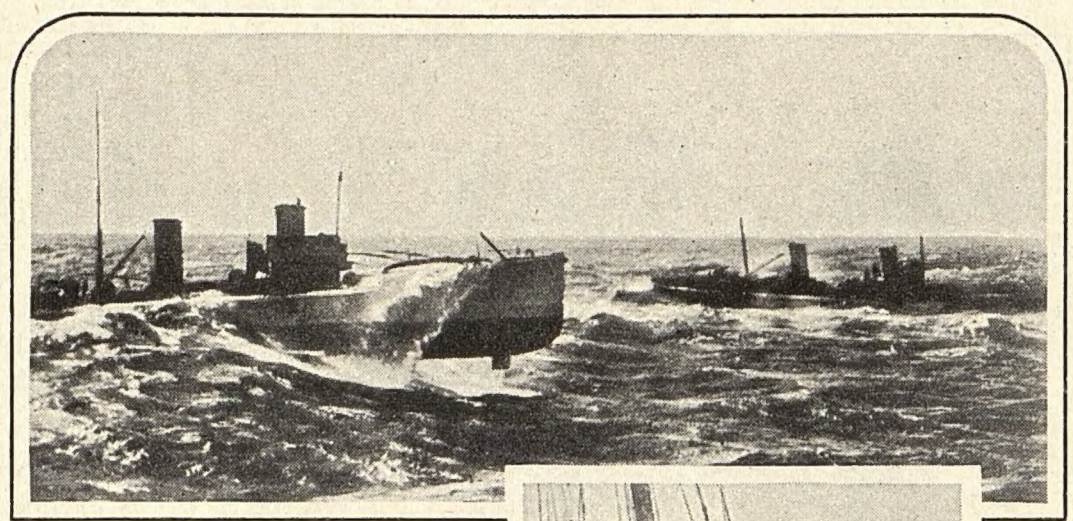
The merchant marine service training ship Prinzess Eitel Friedrich, from which the author, at fifteen, ran away to seek adventure before the mast, and above, the author as a cadet officer in the German naval school at Kiel.

the sea in that vicinity had been covered with floating lumber, probably the deck cargo of this "innocent bystander" of the sea.

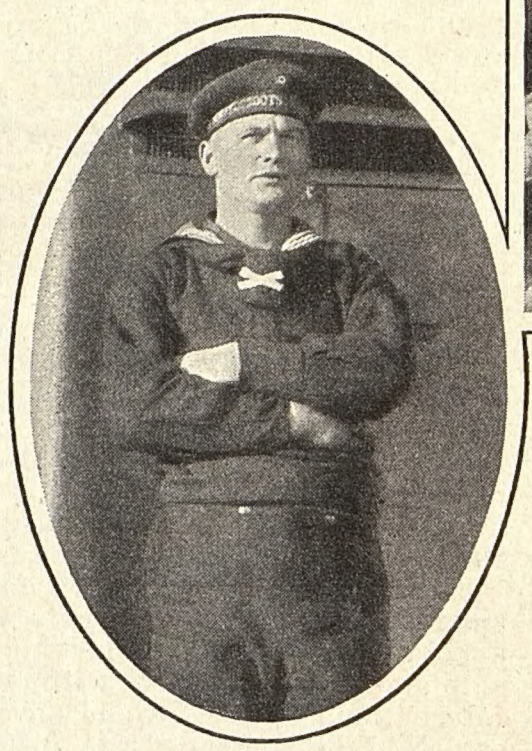
At 5 P. M. the battle was well under way with the western horizon thickly lined with gun flashes. It had been a calm sea with a slight westerly breeze, but now the darting destroyers of our flotillas had kicked up a sea that might have been created by a gale.

At this time we had ceased firing and for the moment were mere spectators occupying front row grand stand seats for a mammoth panorama of sea fighting, hidden at times by great clouds of thick black smoke, stabbed constantly by streaks of flame.

I was in the main artillery station high above the bridge of the B-110, and from here I could view a large area. I saw, close on our bow, one of the destroyers of our own flotilla struck by a shell which had passed over the line of German cruisers forward of us. The bow of this destroyer jerked upward and so did the stern, in the manner of a jackknife, so that they almost touched. The vessel vanished from sight almost instantaneously, leaving not a trace upon the sea.



German destroyers in the stormy North Sea.



The author at eighteen, when the war began.

THE possibility that anything could live through this action was most remote from my thoughts. But I was still very young and I determined that if I must die, as I most certainly felt assured I would, I would first see as much as I could of this vast spectacle. Upon our deck there arose a babble of excited conjectures as fighting lines were enveloped in smoke screens. We would be led to the belief that the enemy ships were withdrawing when again would come the great bursts of flame to stab the blackness with shots falling close around the B-110.

One hour more and the British battle cruisers had been reinforced and then, in order to add to the protection of our line, came the order which galvanized us into instant action:

"Torpedo boats attack!"

Crimson pennants ten meters in length and weighted with a brass ball at the end were whipped aloft on every destroyer and in flotilla formation we darted out between our cruisers to launch torpedoes.

Many of our boats simply went through the motions of sending out a torpedo in order to disconcert the enemy ships and save our ammunition. This, of course, would compel the British to change their courses quickly in order to avoid the "silver fish" they believed were headed in their direction, while from an entirely different quarter a torpedo would speed toward them.

This brief action with torpedo boats gave the German ships an opportunity to turn about so that starboard guns could be brought into play in fresh salvos, as the fighting fleets converged.

I saw the British battle cruiser Queen Mary go down from a single German shell which reached her magazine. She was enveloped in a fire that seemed like the screaming flame of a giant blowtorch, and for half an hour a pall of smoke in the form of a Chinese dragon hung low over the spot where she had been blasted into atoms.

At 6 P. M. there came a sudden halt in the firing and there came the message, "Enemy is fleeing. All forces follow."

Again we darted to the front with our crimson pennants now reduced to a few tattered rags of bunting, but the enemy had withdrawn and dropped over the horizon in a forty-mile area, and we returned to our position in back of the cruisers while a steady fire was resumed from the west, south, and north.

At 8 o'clock there came a big flotilla of British destroyers emerging from a heavy bank of smoke. Twenty-four of these enemy destroyers came on at full speed, closer and closer, almost hidden behind masses of piled up foam. So close did they come before we received an order to fire over the line of our own cruisers that we could see the men standing at guns on the forecastle heads.

For five minutes our ten and a half centimeter guns kept up a fire to repulse this flotilla, the boats of which then turned broadside to shove off a school of silver fishes from their sides. No hits were made with this barrage of torpedoes, however, and we sank two of the flotilla before they put about and returned eastward.

Now came heavy firing from the northeast to complete the ring drawn about the German fleet. I noticed at this time that the sea was being thickly covered with real fish, killed by the concussion of the shells bursting in the deep. With death flapping black wings on all sides, I pondered deeply over the fact that there were fish of such immense size in the North Sea, where as a boy I had often assisted in dropping nets with fishermen with whom I had spent my summer school vacations. Some of our crew leaned far over the side to scoop such fish up and toss them to the galley, even as a British plane appeared in the sky, swooping low over our vessels, drawing terrific fire and then vanishing from sight.

At last, as the sun began to sink, there came a lull in the firing, which afforded opportunity for both German and British crews to draw tarpaulins over holes close to waterlines.

With ice-covered guns, the destroyer on which the author served fought British mine sweepers on the Dogger Bank, in February, 1916.

Torpedo nets, which had been hung out at the sides of ships on long arms to catch our silver fish, had been found more of a hindrance than a protection and the sea was littered with those which had either been cast away or shot away. In the dusk these drifting nets frequently fouled propellers.

Crews aboard the battleships could be seen leaving their fighting stations and calmly gathering bits of shattered shells as souvenirs.

Then with the fall of darkness commenced the night battle in which destroyers on both sides were sent forth to finish crippled enemy ships.

It was pitch dark, and at first we used our searchlights. They drew such heavy fire that they were instantly extinguished.

At the opening of this fighting a British flotilla had crept up on the line of German cruisers, but was sighted when at close range. Before a torpedo could be launched by the British, the German battleship Westfalen let go a full salvo into the line of destroyers. It was terrifically destructive. Torpedoes intended for the German cruisers exploded in the midst of the crews preparing to send them on their mission. For several minutes the British destroyers stood in white flaming silhouette against the darkness. At the same time the German cruiser Wiesbaden also burst into flame.

At 4 A. M. the B-110 had lost contact with the German fleet and with the approach of dawn we found ourselves behind the British lines. The situation was a desperate one which called for full use of our instructions to use our own judgment in such a predicament.

With the first streaks of light on the horizon we were discovered and there was nothing left for us but to flee, which we did at full speed with some British cruisers close in our wake.

To make our escape, we had to violate Danish neutrality by cutting through the waters of the Gulf of Fredericia. It was not a moment for consideration of the fine points of neutrality laws, and the B-110 tore into the gulf.

IT so happened that in this peaceful neutral port Ascension Day was being observed with impressive exercises. Upon the Danish fortress frowning directly over us, a procession was outlined against the sky, and above the roar of our engines we could hear the faint chanting of those who carried holy banners and relics. Scattered over the sun-flecked waters were little pleasure boats painted in gay colors and laden with happy women and children.

Coming into the midst of such a scene of peace and reverence after that inferno of the North Sea brought a tremendous reaction, close to hysteria, upon us.

I have often wondered what impression we gave those people as we leaned over the rail with smoke-begrimed faces beneath the tatters of our crimson battle flag, leaving their gay little boats bobbing madly in our wake.

We reached Kiel with fuel tanks dry, well in advance of our returning fleet, well content to have our violation of neutrality threshed out at considerable length during the days to follow.

Probably the most vivid impression that I had gained during the Battle of Jutland was the close-up I had obtained of the German battle cruiser Lutzow as the target for concentrated British fire. From the B-110 bridge we could plainly see the Lutzow's bow sinking dangerously low as a ladder was lowered over the side and Admiral Hipper descended with his staff to go aboard the destroyer G-40, from which he directed the battle until he went aboard another battleship.

It had been necessary to flood the aft compartments of the Lutzow to bring her bow up enough for the ship to retire from the line, and to accomplish this it had been necessary to drown like rats the more than 200 wounded men who had been placed in the flooded compartment.

In the spring of 1917 I was assigned to take the submarine training course at Kiel. With the rank of watch officer aboard destroyers, my chief training at the submarine school was confined to learning under-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[REMINISCENCES OF A GERMAN SUBMARINE COMMANDER]
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seas steering. A submarine, of course, is equipped with two rudders fore and aft. There is a vertical rudder at the stern and a horizontal one at the bow, controlled by separate steering wheels in the central compartment just below the conning tower.

Care was used in selecting U-boat crews to select as warrant officers those who had wide experience in the merchant marine and so could best determine the type of vessel sighted before it was sunk. The average U-boat crew numbered thirty men.

Our schooling was carried on both ashore and at sea. Ashore, an immense glass tank was used for training in our method of escape from trapped U-boats by using a device on the order of a gas mask and knapsack which hung over our chest. With this device our nostrils were tightly clamped so as to permit breathing through the mouth alone. The breath exhaled was carried into the knapsack arrangement where it was purified to such an extent that the same air might be breathed over and over again for a considerable period.

In event of being unable to reach the surface at the expiration of the three days during which we would have an air supply within the U-boat, men would don the device and step into a forward compartment which would be flooded. As the compartment completely filled with the icy water from the depths, the officer in charge of the men leaving the ship would unscrew the hatch above and release a can buoy with line attached for the men to follow to the top. The line at certain intervals was marked with knots or streamers to show that the escaping men must halt there for certain periods to become accustomed to the changing pressure.

The author, marked with cross, and his crew on the deck of their U-boat.

As a last resort, the captain of each U-boat was equipped with a little casket of deadly poison which he would administer to every man in coffee or wine, with or without knowledge of the men, in order to avoid any panic during the last moments when there could be no hope of escape.

OUR instruction with the safety device in the tank was carried on by means of a line attached to our wrist, which the instructor would use for his signals. It was an ordeal indeed to step down the ladder into the tank, and a greater one to release our clutch upon the ladder and walk about the bottom of the tank, through the glass sides of which we could plainly see our instructors and brother officers, distorted by the magnifying water into strange monsters.

Bathing suits were worn during these instructions, the first lesson being given in pleasantly warm water, the next in cold and the third in water chilled to the temperature found on the sea floor.

The final test consisted of entering a compartment beneath the tank which was in the form of a conning tower. In complete darkness we would be compelled to don the device and then ourselves to flood this narrow space and open the hatch above our head, thus emerging into the tank and reaching its surface.

It took real nerve for this test, as the slightest mistake might have meant death with those outside powerless to aid us. Anticipation of this test kept many a brave man awake at night.

These tests were optional with the crew but compulsory with those about to become U-boat officers.

Then a schooling in torpedoes followed. We were taught how to take care of the torpedoes and to give them the daily adjustments and nursing they require. We would also go forth into the harbor and even out to sea aboard U-boats armed with dummy torpedoes while camouflaged merchant ships made up in convoys with destroyers would pass before us as targets. We had to send a torpedo exactly under the passing ships in order to score a hit.

This course was completed within three months, and in August I departed aboard the U-BC69 and went into the English Channel to find my first victim. This proved to be a humble trawler which ordinarily we would have boarded and destroyed with bomb and time fuse, but because of being almost within sight of the British shore we used a torpedo to make possible an instant escape from that dangerous area.

We lay drifting for several days before receiving further orders. Contrary to general belief, a U-boat commander seldom if ever acted on his own initiative or even cruised around seeking ships to sink. He was controlled absolutely by orders from Berlin. Our orders then sent us to meet the Borderland, a British 6,000 ton cargo carrier, which we sank. Thereupon we had our first experience with depth bombs even though we submerged the instant the torpedo left us.

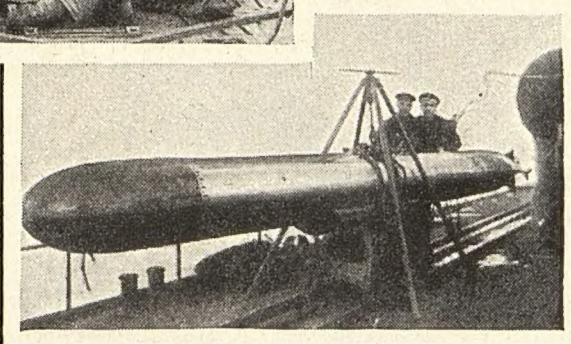
It was the custom of U-boats instantly to submerge after firing at a convoyed ship, and then to stay down for perhaps half an hour or until noises above us had been silenced. Then we would come to the surface to ascertain whether we had sunk the ship, or, if it was still afloat, to obtain photographs and frequently motion picture films of the sinking. Often it was necessary to come up and go down constantly, sticking our periscope above the surface just long enough to obtain a glimpse of what was going on.

The usual procedure after sinking a convoyed merchant ship would be to hang on to the convoy for perhaps a week. The U-boat would wait until dark to come to the surface and then use her two Diesel engines in speeding on the surface to obtain a position forward of the convoy destroyers, after which she would drift slowly in readiness for a new attack upon these escorts.

Our motors were our greatest care. Depth bomb concussions would frequently throw them out of gear and we nursed the engines constantly so that they should not fail us when most needed.

Life aboard a U-boat during the war was often monotonous. The sinkings were undertaken in a uniform, prescribed manner and only varied in the manner in which stricken ships sank. Those loaded with munitions would vanish in a tremendous explosion, while those loaded with lumber or perhaps cotton might float for hours. I have seen torpedoed merchant ships assume a vertical position with bow sticking straight out of the sea and remain in this position, held up by air-filled compartments, for half a day.

We performed our duties in the regular watches of four hours each. Our food was the best that Germany could afford, with delicacies taken from prizes.



A "silver fish," meaning a torpedo, being stowed away on a German destroyer.

I CAN recall among our exploits the capture of the Brussels as being one of the most colorful. The Brussels was a passenger steamship which had plied between Rotterdam and London under escort of British destroyers.

We were lying snugly at Zeebrugge when a message reached Berlin from a secret agent in Rotterdam giving the exact day and hour upon which the Brussels would clear for London with a fine cargo of frozen meats and foodstuffs, also details as to where she would meet her convoy.

This intelligence was forwarded to us with instructions to proceed with a destroyer flotilla for the taking of this prize.

The British convoy was to have picked up the steamship at a considerable distance from where we were lying, and that night at the appointed hour we were lurking in the path of the Brussels. As the ship approached we gave with our searchlight blinker such a signal in international code as would have been flashed by the expected British escort. The message was instantly answered by the unsuspecting Brussels.

In the darkness we came alongside. A ladder had been lowered. As I sprang from our deck to it, my teeth were clenched upon the barrel of an automatic pistol and I gazed upward into white faces peering down over the rail. My men were right behind me as I went up the ladder.

Reaching the deck, pistol in hand, I heard a woman scream and others take up her hysterical cry of, "The German butchers have come to slaughter our babies." I waited to hear or see nothing more, but made a leap for the wireless room to press my pistol to the operator's head while I put his set out of commission.

Then I ran to the bridge to place the commander, Captain Fryatt, under arrest.

The bridge officers were informed that the ship was surrounded by German destroyers and that the slightest false move would result in our dying together in the destruction of the ship by torpedoes.

There were only six of us who went aboard the Brussels as a prize crew, but the threat of action by the destroyers, some of which had gone on to engage the expected British convoy, served to prevent any resistance.

Our Rotterdam secret agent had included in his report that the Brussels would be captained by a British skipper, a four-striper, who had been highly commended for having rammed and sunk two German U-boats with his steamship.

This act by a merchant captain not wearing the uniform of an enemy navy and not flying a battle flag was in distinct violation of rules governing civilized warfare, identical with the case of a citizen sniper firing upon our troops.

In searching Captain Fryatt in the chart room I opened the back of a beautiful gold watch he was wearing and discovered engraving which set forth that the timepiece had been presented to him in appreciation of those sinkings.

At Bruges we made our way to the docks beside the naval depot and in the darkness shouted for somebody to stand by and take our lines. A voice answered in "low German" and from aboard he was ordered in no uncertain manner to make our bow and stern lines fast and to lose no time in doing so. Then a searchlight was turned on and to our horror we saw the commandant of the depot hauling away at our hawsers.

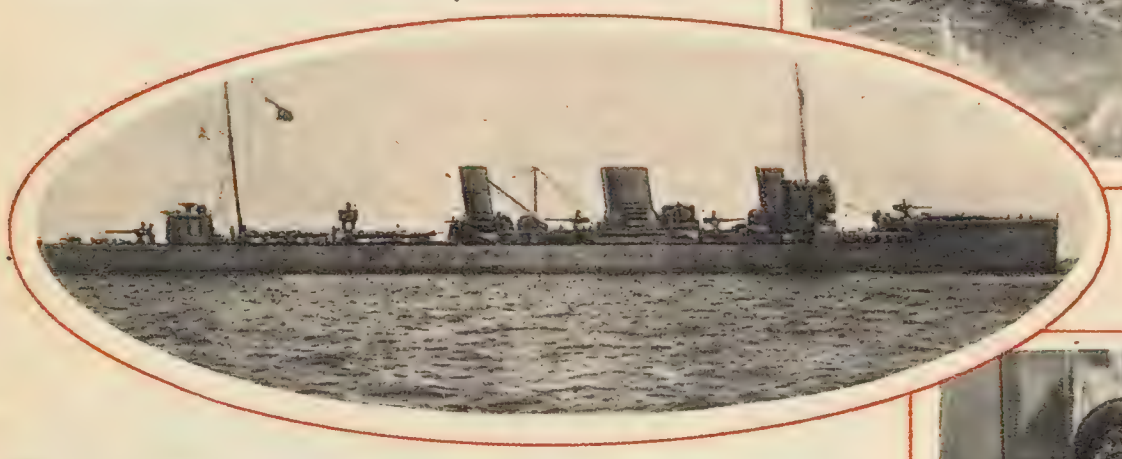
We learned later that this dignitary prided himself upon his "low German" and held no ill will toward us for our demands that he do dock walloper's labor in all the splendor of his gold lace and decorations.

Strangely enough, the cargo of the Brussels included about 2,000 canary birds and as a result, the morning after we took her into port at Bruges, every destroyer and U-boat there had a songster aboard. The noxious gases below decks on these boats, however, proved fatal to the birds and the water beside the dock was soon sprinkled with the little yellow bodies. This attracted the attention of the commandant of the naval depot who flew into a rage and ordered that the balance of the birds be delivered to him. He then had a room adjoining his office cleared and the remaining birds were liberated there by the hundreds.

Those who now wished birds, he declared, could come to him and pay one franc for each bird. It was well worth the franc to see the commandant arm himself with a butterfly net and mount a short ladder in the bird-filled room in order to capture and deliver purchased birds.

A tragic sequel to the capture of our prize was written when Captain Fryatt faced a firing squad following his trial and conviction for having violated the articles of war.

THOSE in the submarine service knew very little of what was going on ashore. Our contact was limited indeed. Did we return to Kiel with a U-boat to go into drydock for repairs, we were instantly assigned to another submarine and sent out to sea. Orders we received were always sealed ones, not to be opened until well out at sea.



With the author on board, this destroyer, B-110, fired the first German shot in the Battle of Jutland.

It was in the second month of the war that the U-9, commanded by Lieutenant Weddigen, thrilled Germany and shocked England by sinking the three British cruisers Aboukir, Cressy, and Hogue in quick succession. Two might have escaped if they had made off when the first was torpedoed, but they stood by to give aid.

Six months later, however, in March, 1915, Weddigen and all his crew were sent to the bottom when rammed by the British battleship Dreadnaught, and Germany came to the realization that the submarine might be best used as a weapon to destroy shipping rather than to attack naval vessels.

Three months after the declaration of war Germany was rushing construction of her U-boats. During the progress of the war she produced seven different types. In the early part of the war Germany had little difficulty in sending these submarines through the Strait of Dover into the English Channel, but later the larger U-boats found it easier to circle Scotland and come down the Irish Sea in raids upon trawlers and coastal shipping.

It was on May 7, 1915, that Schweiger, in the U-20, sank the Lusitania. Earlier he had sunk three large vessels approaching Havre. For two years longer he preyed upon shipping, but finally, in the fall of 1917, he went to the bottom with the U-88, sunk by one of the British Q-boats.

As a result of the sinking of the Lusitania, announcement was made by Germany on June 5 that all passenger ships were to be spared unless they attempted hostilities with the U-boats.

It was in 1916 that U-boats were most plainly in the spotlight because on October 7 of that year the German U-53 sank five ships, three British, one Dutch, and one Norwegian, off Nantucket. That was a month in which U-boats sent to the bottom a total of 300,000 tons of shipping.

The convoy system naturally placed the submarine at a great disadvantage and the figures on tonnage sunk shrank rapidly. In 1917, 1,960 ships were sunk, but sixty-six U-boats were destroyed. When the German fleet surrendered it included delivery of 138 submarines.

There may have been atrocities committed by men who were in command of submarines, but they were desperate deeds by desperate men who may have been thinking of the 5,000,000 babies at home dying for want of milk their starving mothers could not give them.

As the war was drawing swiftly to its close, with Germany meeting terrific disasters on land, the Kaiser looked to those of the sea for a grand coup which might bring some touch of glory for Germany at the inevitable finale.

How distinctly I recall, during those drab days, being summoned with other submarine commanders aboard the Hamburg-American liner anchored in Kiel harbor which served as our headquarters. Only the narrow width of an officers' mess table separated me from our Emperor as he came to impress us with the necessity of even more deadly activity.

German destroyers attacking at Jutland, from a German artist's wartime drawing.

The author as navigating officer of a destroyer flotilla at Jutland.

It was a misty night with gusts of rain when the Kaiser came aboard the ship with its luxurious interior fittings and decorations in startling contrast to those grim, dank cylinders of steel in which we had been lurking below the sea. The Emperor wore a heavy cloak over his admiral's uniform and sea boots which had been spattered by the harbor front mire.

WHEN last I had seen the Kaiser I had been a badly frightened fourteen-year-old boy trembling upon the deck of the training ship which the Emperor had visited for inspection. I recalled how quickly I had been reassured and calmed by his kindly smile as he passed along our juvenile ranks, gazing frequently aloft at the furled canvas he loved so dearly.

This night our War Lord's face was lined with intense weariness but his voice had lost none of its spirit to command.

"Spare nothing which appears before your bows," he ordered. "All those upon the sea today are enemies of Germany. I see tonight that many of you are wearing my decorations. I hope that when you return it will be my honor to bestow others upon you."

The Kaiser punctuated his staccato words with a crash of his clenched fist upon the table that clattered crockery and glassware.

I do not believe it is generally known that in the latter part of October, 1918, sailors in Kiel harbor had mutinied and refused to bring out the intact fleet for a final battle with the British ships, in an effort to save German prestige when the army was powerless.

Several hundred leaders in this mutiny were arrested and confined in the naval prison at Kiel, while other sailors were persuaded by Socialist leaders not to return to their ships after enjoying shore leave, but to remain and take part in drunken orgies and riotous outbreaks.

I had returned from leave November 3, 1918, after visiting my home. I went directly aboard my submarine, the U-C-101, moored at a buoy close to the shore in Kiel harbor.

Officers, I was told by my men, were being knocked down and treated to every indignity by the mutinous and drunken sailors ashore, and word came to the boat all during the day of further outrages and defiance which could only herald approach of a revolution.

That night I went ashore with brother officers to visit the Casino in Kiel which had been our favorite rendezvous during brief hours of liberty during the war. We found the Casino in darkness, however, and learned that two days before it had been entered by a mob of liquor-crazed sailors who had driven patrons to the street, attacking naval officers and looting the place.

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[REMINISCENCES OF A GERMAN SUBMARINE COMMANDER]
Continued from page eleven

As we hastened along the darkened street we were frequently the target for shouted insults and it was with difficulty that we escaped the necessity of a hand-to-hand encounter with some of the men who tore the bands bearing the name of their ship off their caps and replaced them with red bunting.

That night I joined other officers aboard our base ship where only a short time before we had faced our Kaiser. Experiences of all officers tended to show that the intense hatred of the mutineers was centered upon their superiors in rank.

The following morning I returned to my own ship where my crew had remained loyal. During the day we could hear rifle fire on shore and a few hours later came an order, the last we were to receive from official sources of the Imperial Navy, that all boats in the harbor were to look out for themselves.

I decided to move out to sea, but at Friedrichsort, the entrance to the harbor, the guns of the fortress were turned upon our boat and the revolutionists who had taken possession of this stronghold ordered us to return to Kiel.

Upon my return I sought a mooring buoy close beside the Hamburg-American liner which served as our mother ship. All during the night we could hear machine-gun fire and at times the detonation of heavier guns.

The next morning at 8 o'clock when our flag was raised over the U-C-101 we could see rioting along the waterfront, and from the mast-heads of ships and on public buildings there had been flung the red flag of the revolution.

Our flag had been raised only a few minutes when there came a long-boat manned by drunken revolutionists. With outbursts of profanity they ordered that the commander come on deck.

I did so and faced a motley crew festooned with streamers of red bunting. Even the brass buttons on their uniforms bearing the Kaiser's crown had been covered with wisps of red rag. They demanded to know why I had raised the flag of our Fatherland's Imperial Navy instead of their red rag, and ordered it hauled down.

I turned to my men who stood close at my back. My heart was breaking and I found it difficult to speak. Resistance seemed useless and with tears streaming down the cheeks of my men I lowered the flag for which they had fought so bravely.

As I did so, one of the drunken mutineers in the longboat attempted to snatch the beloved bunting from my arms and I felled him with a blow to the jaw.

We remained aboard the submarine rather than mingle with the rioters on shore, and then, two weeks later, there came the wireless order that we deliver the submarine fleet to the British at Harwich. It was stipulated in this message that the U-boats must be delivered by their officers and that the revolutionists would not be recognized in any manner in this formality.

TO surrender a fleet to the victor is quite enough, but to suffer the humiliation of actually delivering our boats was a torture under which I believed I would go mad. This following the loss of the war, the spectacle of a revolution tearing at the vitals of the land for which I had fought, and the reaction of months and months of underseas service, had driven me to a point where I would have welcomed death as preferable to delivering our boats at Harwich, near London.

Other officers who returned to man their submarines suffered these same tortures, and as the hour approached for the delivery I conceived the plan of taking possession of my submarine and seeking the high seas with the black flag of piracy raised beside the battle flag which I had carefully preserved.

The German merchant submarine Deutschland returning in triumph to Bremen from the first of her two voyages to America.

Cautiously I took seven comrades of the submarine service into my confidence. Each man was an underseas expert, a specialist upon motors or engines.

The first of the goodwill gold shipments to the United States was soon to leave England and it was our plan to seek the Atlantic traffic lanes and hold up such a gold ship, taking sufficient gold to provide for the eight of us during the balance of our lives in some hidden place in the tropics.

We did not plan to carry on further piracy, having been inspired to this plot only through outraged patriotism which revolted against delivery of our U-C-101. The submarine we were to have piloted to the Amazon and hidden it in the fastness of some South American jungle.

Our departure from Kiel was made upon the surface with the Deutschland, which will be remembered as having visited America, as the leader. We were to proceed first to Heligoland and before our departure the boats were allotted provisions for ten days.

Barges came beside us to receive all our ammunition, but I kept hidden away two dummy torpedoes and two battle torpedoes, together with twenty-five shells for our deck artillery and a number of mines. The dummy torpedoes were to be used in bringing the gold bearing ship to a halt on the Atlantic. The battle ones and the shells were to be used if resistance was shown when a boarding party went to plunder the vaults.

In the Kiel Canal we were halted for several days and I seized this opportunity to obtain a quantity of provisions from a military depot. Then we started for Heligoland through a portion of the sea still dangerously dotted with mines. From the Deutschland came a wireless asking me if I knew the mine fields. I replied that I did and was asked to take the lead.

At Heligoland I obtained a supply of provisions which, together with what we had already concealed in torpedo tubes, would feed the eight of us in the plot for at least a year.

The personnel of the U-C-101 reached a total of twenty-five men and in order to rid ourselves of the seventeen men not in the conspiracy, we had planned that night while on the North Sea to pretend that the outer skin of the submarine had been ripped open by submerged wreckage.

Tanks were to be slowly flooded to give the appearance that we were actually sinking, and after the seventeen men were hustled upon deck in life belts, with shouts to look out for themselves, we were to close the hatch and complete the submersion, then following a course over the bottom of the sea to a point where it would be safe to come to the surface again. We counted, of course, upon our seventeen men being picked up by the U-boats following us.

ALL that day after leaving Heligoland we zigzagged slowly through the mine-infested North Sea. The moment was approaching when eight of us were to risk a hempen noose by turning pirate.

One hour before the designated time the barometer dropped and the skies grew black as a gale lashed the sea with a fury that would have meant certain death for those left adrift upon it in life belts. All night that gale continued, and at a whispered conference in the chamber below the conning tower we decided to abandon our plan.

The following morning, Sunday, at 9 o'clock we had reached the spot designated by the British for meeting their cruisers and destroyers. Out of a dense fog these ships appeared like gray ghosts of the sea.

The British ships approached us with great caution. From signal masts there fluttered pennants of the international code ordering us to "stop," "proceed," and "stop" again.

Prize crews then came alongside and aboard the U-C-101 there came a rosy-cheeked youth, a mere boy, who was plainly ill at ease and close to a panic because of his responsibilities. He was accompanied by a crew of British tars of the same number as my own men.

"Can you take her into Harwich, captain?" the young lieutenant asked.

At the same instant I had noted that British sailors had hauled down our German flag and replaced it with British bunting.

"I am very familiar with these waters," I answered, "and I could take this boat into Harwich, but I could not do so under any flag but my own."

The young Britisher was close to complete funk. Calling one of his men he dictated various messages which were wigwagged to a near-by cruiser. The exchange of messages went on at great length, and during this interval I had determined to take the wheel of the U-C-101 for the last time and drive the submarine upon shoals with such force as I hoped might injure it beyond repair.

The lieutenant then received final instructions and asked if I would compromise and take the U-C-101 into Harwich with both British and German flags flying. I agreed to this, and I believe it is the only instance where a ship was so dressed.

Then came the order to follow the cruisers and destroyers and I found that we were being kept right on the channel, so that I would have no opportunity of driving my ship upon the shoals.

After reaching our moorings, I turned over to British naval officers all papers of the boat, with a list of the crew, and assurance over my signature that she was in perfect working order. Before dawn that day we had slipped over the side our four torpedoes and other ammunition.

On all sides we could see the German crews leaving U-boats. The majority had only the rust and oil-streaked black leather uniforms which they wore. My men, however, went aboard a sub-chaser which drew alongside with heavily laden mattress covers. They carried our year's provisions which had been divided among them equally.

We were taken to a destroyer and then placed aboard a passenger ship to be returned to Germany. Far astern I could see the U-C-101 moored at a buoy.

I sobbed like a child and from about my chest I unwound a length of torn and faded bunting, the battle flag which we had carried underseas and upon the surface, all that the war had left me.

THE END

Trail TANG

The Story of a Desert Friendship

By

H. STEWART SAR

Pictures by FRANK HOFFMAN

"HE'LL never be a saddle horse. I'll never put a strap on him."

HEAD against the ground, one eye cocked open toward a dying fire to watch a rusty, tiptilted syrup can that simmered on the red embers. Click! Clickety-click!

"She's acomin', boys!" drawled Swajy. He recrossed his tattered shoes and looked down the moonlit twin ribbons of steel. "Yep. She's acomin'. Passenger."

The Count adjusted his frayed necktie. He poked the listless fire. "Passenger—hell," he retorted tonelessly. "That'll be Number Three. Straight mail; no stops."

"Might stop for water," resumed Swajy, watching for the first rays from Number Three's headlight.

"Not a chance," interposed Mike, who had not spoken until now, regarding the approaching train. "She won't stop at no dinky tank out here in Hell's Kitchen, Wyoming, Broomtail County, U. S. A. She's strict class. Blind baggage on her'd land a bo on Market Street, feelin' the breeze from the Golden Gate—plenty soon."

Number Three roared past; shook the ground; streaked fiery cinders along the track. Yellow, acrid-smelling cinders.

The Count took off his necktie and carefully smoothed it.

"Had yer bawth yet, m'lord?" drawled Swajy. "Sounds like good drippin's over under that water tank. Nothing like making one's self to home."

Under Swajy's head was a burlap sack partly filled with barley. With this for a pillow, he squirmed his lank form deep into the dry sand; then turned over and clasped his hands behind his head and looked up at the moon.

"What ever started you bummin', Count?" he asked.

"Poverty and a rambling disposition, I presume," replied that worthy, placing his carefully rolled necktie in a breast pocket. "The gypsy urge. The lure of the dim trails. The ache to see the land of tomorrow—"

Deep in Swajy's throat began a peculiar soft sound—for all the world like the haunting throb of a mellow guitar. There were no words, just the pleading, penetrating, intricate twang-g-g. Deftly into the sway of it rose the merry tenor of the Count, and Mike joined expertly in bass:

"Lay me out in meadow grass
In a doodle of smelly hay,
And ship me off tomorrow
To the Land of Far Away!"

"Listen!" suddenly whispered Swajy.

The song died abruptly. Muffled stamping sounded at the water tank.

"Cattle," guessed the Count.

"Horses," corrected Swajy. "Come in to drink at the leak puddles around the tank." He listened again. He destroyed the fire with handfuls of sand. Then he crouched, tense, waiting. "Not horses," he hissed; "*a* horse! A mighty wild one, from the way he walks. Keep still, guys."

They heard little sucking sounds of a horse drinking in too shallow water. "We're down wind from him," whispered Swajy. "That's why he don't know we're here."

The thirsty animal finished his drink at last. Swajy held flat against the ground, listening.

"Walks like a cat," Swajy announced in a dim whisper. "Wild horse. Plug stock can't move that slick."

At last a stallion stood outlined upon a little rise, etched against the night sky. His sleek coat gleamed in the moonlight. With swift grace, as effortless as the lift of a swallow's wing, he strode into the illimitable darkness of Hell's Kitchen. Swajy sighed and shook himself. Petulantly he pounded the jute sack to make a hollow for his head. Mike restarted the jungle fire and put the syrup can back on.

Mike always kept a can on his jungle fires; he liked the chirrup of the simmering water. A syrup can was best; it was fun to watch the flames lick along the sides. Made the water fizz and pop. Kept a guy from noticing the cold desert nights quite so much.

"Swajy," asked the Count, "whatever started *you* on the road? Same as I? The tang of the trail?"

"It was a horse," admitted Swajy.

Mike propped the syrup can a little straighter. It was about to tip and douse the fire. "A horse?" echoed Mike.

"Yes. A horse . . . he died."

It was a swan song, the way Swajy said, "he died."

"I know." Mike nodded, though he did not know. "Like when my punk went under the trucks on the Southern Flyer. Just out of Baton Rouge. Just a punk. Kid about fifteen. Cried sometimes, like a ninny. He had slick soft hair; I liked to rub my fingers in it. Like silk; long silk. We used to cuddle together, keeping warm. Good kid. Nursed me through the mumps under a bridge on the Ohio River."

IN the gray of early morning a freight pulled up to the water tank. Mike and the Count awoke to find themselves shivering, covered with bright faint frost.

"Our carriage is ready, Swajy, me man,"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[TRAIL TANG
Continued from page thirteen]

said the Count, but without looking at Swajy.

He received no answer. He shrugged and rose to his feet. Mechanically he reached into his pocket for the carefully folded necktie. Then he stared; Swajy's sandy couch was empty. It gleamed with lichens of frost.

"Been gone all night," observed Mike. "Had some barley he took out of a grain car in that gunny sack of his. Beats hell a guy would start walkin' after a wild horse—what with winter coming on. He can have my share of it. I'm taking this freight."

"He had a little grub," mused the Count. "If I'd known he had any such wild idea as walking a horse down I'd have given him my bite or two of rations. He'll get plenty hungry."

He gazed out across the sage-flecked desert. Light was creeping over it very gradually, fading into the pink of sunrise. The Count shook himself and futilely dusted at his ragged apparel.

"He can have my share of this man's country too, Mike. But he'll give it up when he gets real hungry. We'll see him in Frisco, laying low to snag a freight out—to Florida. This wanderlust is hell, ain't it?"

AT sunrise the wild horse drank daintily from an alkali spring. Swajy hid down wind; he had piled a little barley on the ground beside that spring. He saw the stallion sniff the grain. He watched the slender tongue dart forth in response to a sprinkling of table salt cannily mixed with the barley. With birdlike nips, the stallion began to munch. . . .

"Build me up a jungle fire
Down against a bog.
I wanta drink mud-dy wa-ter
And sleep in a hollow log!"

Swajy sang the words dimly. His was a wheedling sweet voice and he punctuated the melody with his twang-g-g of a strummed guitar. Although the horse was down wind, he heard. He tossed up his head and sent out a shrill, piercing snort. He whirled away in a furious clatter of heels. He paused, undecided; his shimmering neck flounced up and down; he sniffed the wind.

The song swung faintly, insinuatingly on. The wild horse returned to the tiny mound of barley slowly.

Soothing music and delicious barley were pleasantly associated in his wild clear mind.

Swajy nodded in silent satisfaction as the stallion ate the last of the barley grains from beside the water hole. He discovered that the horse had no harem of mares. He was a lone, restless renegade; his grazing circuit was of wide perimeter. During the next five days he visited a zigzag chain of watering places, and at each listened to the song of the tramp and munched tasty strange food.

On the sixth day Swajy was far from the railroad and the stallion was fearfully enduring the sight of him during the singing and munching. He ate the gift avidly now, for Hell's Kitchen was little more than desert at best and now it was almost devoid of roughage.

Sparse bunch grass withered among sickly scrub sage. Winter was towering near, its frowning heralds raised in the western heavens.

Swajy saw winter hanging off, ready to swoop down on Hell's Kitchen for a long run at one word of command from the west wind. Black sinister storm clouds banked in the west.

Swajy wished the horse would linger a little longer at the alkali water hole, that sixth day. He wanted a better view of the animal. As it was, the stallion left him with a vague impression of strenuous, never quiet slim legs; a profusion of silky mane and tail; kindly, large, frightened brown eyes; trim ears and heels—and dust.

Swajy plodded along deeply worn trails that inevitably led him to the next watering place. He crossed a dirt road and found automobile tracks, which told him that a motor stage was still making regular trips across Hell's Kitchen. It wouldn't make many more. Stage horses would soon be plowing through snow across Hell's Kitchen.

A halfway house was to the eastward. There the weary horses would be exchanged for fresher animals. There, to the eastward, would be the only human habitation reachable now for Swajy—unless he stopped the stage. And to linger here beside the stage trail was to lose sight of his magnificent quarry. So Swajy trudged on.

THE sun peered sulkily through gray restless cloud banks; Swajy judged it to be about 10 o'clock. He saw a ranch, unpainted, forlorn, down in a narrow draw, hemmed in by Hell's Kitchen on one flank and badlands on the other.

"Must be a wild-horse chaser's camp," Swajy muttered.

He hoped it was not inhabited. Such a condition would mean that the stallion Swajy coveted might not water near today.

But Swajy, conversely, hoped it would be tenanted—for he was out of food and very hungry. Not hungry enough to turn back toward the railroad, however. Lean rations are no novelty to a knight of the cinder trail. He went down into the valley and approached the weather-cracked, wind-swept cabin. The door sagged open on one hinge. Rusty tin cans were half buried outside. A whirring rattler greeted him lazily as his shadow darkened the threshold.

The eighth day the stallion ate from Swajy's hand, beside a water hole, a long trek from any human habitation.

A ground squirrel darted up the wall and scurried out of the gaping window. Swajy killed the rattler with a rock and entered the shanty.

Sand was piled on the floor in a six-inch yellow drift. On a shelf was a well worn slicker, made into a roll. Swajy opened the roll and found bacon that was rank and sere, and coated with fine black pepper to keep out rodents. Against the bacon was a small supply of flour. This was plainly some wild-horse chaser's food cache. Well, with winter at hand, the wild-horse season was closed.

No rider would come out here at this time of year, and by next spring the bacon would be useless and the flour a dry moldy lump. So Swajy stowed the food with his barley in the burlap sack he carried across his shoulder.

The eighth day the stallion ate from Swajy's hand, beside a water hole, a long trek from any human habitation. He took only a nibble of the barley in Swajy's hand; then he snorted melodiously and whirled away.

When he was sure the wild horse had paused to watch him, Swajy staggered and fell to the ground. This was not all assumed; the alkali water and the meager rancid rations were getting in their feverish work. He lay very still where he had fallen—and he began the subtly piercing melody of the trail:

"Camp me in a river bend,
Oh, camp me in the rain!
Camp me anywhere at all
If it's a jungle camp again!"

With whirring soft snorts and stiff, fearful steps, the horse came slowly back to the water hole. Minutes passed—ten minutes, twenty—while the stallion poised there with his long silken mane flowing in the sultry pre-storm breeze; his great kind, limpid eyes fixed upon the prostrate Swajy. . . .

With a diffidence exquisite in its dumb but vivid intelligence, the wild horse nudged Swajy's ragged sleeve.

Still droning his comradely ballad of the trail, Swajy reached a hand gradually out—and touched the anxious velvet nose of the wild horse.

The animal arched its neck and actually nipped at Swajy's clothing. That was the beginning of their friendship.

The extreme novelty of observing a man and the supreme intelligence of wild animals cause the seeming phenomenon with which all wild-animal trappers are familiar; namely, the immediate trust that wild horses acquire toward an affectionate master.

Some of the mongrel bronchos are noted for their distrust of man. These are horses to whom man is a familiar and feared object, a natural enemy. It takes many months to build in these any sense of confidence in mankind. But a purely wild horse, whose swift, proud life has so far outdistanced human capture that he has no realization of man's form and smell and cruelty, is the most astoundingly tractable animal at large.

THE ninth day Swajy was frolicking with the stallion—a little warily, to be sure, but with more and more assurance. Snowing began, fitfully. The sullen storm hung ready to burst. When that storm burst, Swajy knew, his chances for escaping from Hell's Kitchen with his life were remote. So there was grim reason now for the apparent frolicking. This wild horse must get Swajy out of Hell's Kitchen—if Swajy was ever to *get* out!

"I'm namin' you Entendedor, old top," Swajy told the stallion as it nosed him daintily. "That's Mex for Listener, did you know it? Your education's been neglected. . . . What's this? What's this?" Swajy passed a shaky hand across his forehead. "Dizzy! That's what I am! You'll have a sick man on your hands first thing you know—Entendedor!"

Swajy mounted the horse with a swift Indian glide—and slid off on the other side to the ground. Then he lay down on the ground until the horse nuzzled him; after which he rose, mounted the horse from that side and slid off the other. Again he would crumple down and again the horse would nose him until he rose.

The horse began to realize that his nudging had something to do with Swajy's getting up. Swajy intended that. He wanted the intelligent beast to take a definite part in this game. But he was unprepared for Entendedor's burst of initiative playfulness.

Entendedor whirled and snorted and bucked and kicked up, with Swajy standing by, watching. As a last flourish the wild horse lashed out with a trim pair of heels, sending one crisp hoof on each side of Swajy's face with such terrific force that a definite breeze smote Swajy on the cheek.

"Whew!" Swajy gasped. "That was a close one. Listen, podnah, please don't play so rough. I know you don't mean it and all that, but I sure hope you kinda hang onto yourself."

Again Swajy slid up on the round, muscular back of Entendedor, and this time he paused there a moment. Then he slipped slightly to the right. Anticipating that Swajy would fall off to the right, as usual, the wild horse nimbly side-stepped to the right—to keep Swajy from falling off!

Swajy swore joyously at this move—and slipped slightly to the left. Entendedor stepped smartly to the left!

"You're the smartest thing unhung!" cried

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[TRAIL TANG Continued from page fifteen]

Swajy, caressing Entendedor's neck. "Here you've got yourself bridle-wise without even no bridle! You'll carry me and turn right or left as I want you to—in about thirty minutes of time. Podnah, you better carry me careful; I'm gonna be a mighty sick man. I can feel it comin' on!"

In a screaming gust, the storm broke across Hell's Kitchen. Things became vague for Swajy now. He knew he lay forward on the warm strong back of the wild stallion. He knew he tangled his hands into the mane and tried to cling. He knew the horse was running madly, easily, with a gait so effortless that the gentle motion was lulling and peaceful. He knew great beads of cold feverish sweat stood on his own forehead. He tried to sing, but the wind tore the words from his lips and went screeching away with them.

Abruptly, it seemed to the dazed Swajy, the storm died. He may have been slightly unconscious; he could not know. He found Entendedor walking briskly across the face of nowhere in bright moonlight. Snow, feathery and knee-deep, lay everywhere. And Swajy saw a starlike yellow dot against the ground. A light. The halfway house of the stage line; it could be nothing else.

With his tactics of slipping slyly right or left on Entendedor's back, Swajy managed to steer for that light. He worked patiently for a long while, however, to persuade Entendedor to enter the high, grim corral, with its formidable fourteen-bar gate which swung on massive iron hinges.

ENTENDEDOR snorted loudly into the stillness of the corral. A door banged as the Mexican caretaker of the halfway house came out of the cabin. He stood rooted to the spot which first gave him view of Entendedor. Swajy was covered with snow and so were Entendedor's croup and hips and neck.

Being a fast-witted Mexican, the caretaker glided to that high gate and closed it. Swajy felt Entendedor quiver as the gate clanged shut; instinct told the wild horse this was a trap.

"Caught at last!" chuckled the Mexican softly. "Oh, you beauty! I have chase you a million miles—an' you so far ahead you didn' hardly know I was in the runnin'. . . . What *to* hell? A man? *Madre de Dios,* a man on his back!"

"Yes, and a mighty sick man, *amigo,*" amended Swajy. "I don't think I can even get down off him. I'm just about all in."

At the Mexican's first move to aid Swajy, Entendedor snorted warningly and whirled away.

"He'll hurt you, *señor,* if I try get you down," Pablo pointed out. "I think you must try get off by yoursel'."

Swajy slid cautiously toward the left. . . .

Men say that beasts cannot reason from cause to effect—that they act only from instinct and direct impression. Nobody afterward was ever able to convince Swajy of this. For Entendedor arched his neck to the side and aided Swajy to the ground with a thrusting motion of his forehead!

Swajy crumpled in the snow. Entendedor whirled and sprang across the corral to that high gate and looked out—ears pointed forward, forefeet and breast tense, neck arched proudly—looked out at the white freedom he had sacrificed.

"Give him some hay," gasped Swajy, as the Mexican helped him to his feet. "Throw it in the corral; he wouldn' go in a shed. And, amigo, leave that gate open!"

Pablo nodded. He was deeply moved, wholly reverent, in the presence of this magnificent wild stallion.

"I'll make it to the bunk house now," continued Swajy. "You'll tend to *him,* won't you, *hombre?*"

MUNCHING hay in the soft moonlight stood Entendedor. Through a slightly opened window drifted Swajy's song of the trail. The long, long trail; the endless way to nowhere.

Entendedor wagged his ears knowingly and chewed contentedly — mindful of the open gate behind him.

Morning found Swajy delirious. One more journey of the stage brought a doctor from the railroad. He stayed an hour and left, after giving Pablo minute directions for Swajy's care. He spoke a word which worried Pablo: pneumonia. Entendedor came daily for his hay. He appeared restless. The singing of his comrade no longer came to his ears as he munched the forage.

Winter had closed down on Hell's Kitchen in earnest, as Pablo and Swajy and pneumonia battled. Entendedor went back over his circuit of water holes. He stood a little while at each.

When he reached the place near the railroad where Swajy had first glimpsed him Entendedor neighed shrilly. That was because some shivering knights of the cinder trail were huddled about a fire "harmonizing." Entendedor soon knew that the sound did not indicate Swajy's presence. He whirled back, puzzled, and made his range rounds again.

Finally he returned to the halfway ranch. The corral gate was open. A little pile of hay had been snowed upon. There might be a little barley in it.

Swajy's bed was near a window, only a few feet from the corral. He heard the crunch of strong teeth. In a faltering voice Swajy sang:

"Build me up a jungle fire
Right against a bog.
I wanta drink mud-dy wa-ter
And sleep in a hol-low log!"

Entendedor gave one of his rare loud neighs.

"Your horse," explained Pablo kindly, "he's call to you. He's miss his master."

Petulantly Swajy moved a hand. "He ain't never gonna have no master. Always run free. Promise me, Pablo, he'll never feel a strap nor rope. God, I'd love to see him—old podnah . . ."

"What ever started you bummin', Count?" he asked.

Pablo hastily crossed himself. "I promise," he said soothingly. And Pablo turned his face away.

The doctor shook his head. "What's the matter, son—don't you know he's getting better? He won't fret so much about his horse now, Pablo."

Pablo faced him. "Then he's get well?"

"Thanks to you, fellow, yes."

Pablo spread his hands. "No—you mean thanks to his horse; or else he be dead before Pablo can do nossing."

Entendedor came regularly to the corral for his hay and his ballad. Pablo tried to coax him near to Swajy's window, but at any slight advance Entendedor would flash out through the corral gate.

When the earliest violets began to dot and soften the stark badlands, Swajy appeared in the corral, pale but normal. The stallion's greeting was a violent butt of his head against Swajy's breast. Swajy prisoned that head and caressed every part of it. He glanced to see if Pablo was watching—then he kissed Entendedor on the velvet side of his nose. Swajy walked around the horse admiringly. Entendedor tossed his head at that unmanly kiss—and sent a beautifully rounded heel on each side of Swajy's face. Swajy laughed, and Pablo crossed himself.

"That's just something I have to watch," Swajy told the astounded Mexican. "He don't mean anything by it. If he was going to be a saddle horse I'd have to break him of it. But he'll never be a saddle horse, Pablo. I'll never put a strap on him."

"And when we think you die, everybody know about that. And now nobody touch Entendedor."

This was true. Legend had grown about Entendedor, from the tale that had crept from ranch to ranch of the man's life the horse had saved. It was unwritten range law, now, that Entendedor must never be molested.

SWAJY'S convalescence was spent on Entendedor's back. Men said Swajy was half horse: all he wanted to do was "lay around water holes."

Pungent spring odors were strong in the air when they stopped for a night beside the railroad, near where Swajy had first seen Entendedor.

He turned the horse free beside a water hole, and was surprised to see him make immediately away instead of lingering for the usual frolic.

Thoughtfully Swajy grinned. He remembered a little herd of simpering mares they had just passed awhile ago. Spring. Entendedor was getting temporarily domestic.

Swajy lay down on the ground and folded his hands behind his head. He looked up into the sky. To his ears floated a familiar and stirring chant:

"Oh, lay me in a pasture,
In a doodle of smelly hay;
And ship me off tomorrow—
To the Land of Far Away!"

Swajy rose to his feet and went down a little gulch. Around a turn of the washout he came upon a small fire. A battered syrup can perched where the flames could lick merrily up the sides, and from it rose the odor of jungle coffee. A locomotive softly purred and hissed. The Count was carefully folding his frayed necktie. . . .

Swajy stepped into the firelight. "Howdy!" he said wistfully. "How you-all makin' out?"

THE END

Don't Weaken!

Eva Le Gallienne Didn't

By Elsie Janis

ACTRESS, directress, founder of the Civic Repertory Theater in New York. Winner of two merit prizes this year for having done unusually fine things in the theater. And daughter of the poet, Richard Le Gallienne.

I mention the latter last because it is the only one of these many claims to fame that Eva did not establish herself and, while it is one of which I'm sure she is duly proud, I happen to know that being the daughter of a famous poet was not much of an aid to the ambitious, job-stalking young actress. What one's parent may or may not write is unimportant—unless it's a check.

This story might well be called I Knew Her When—except that I know her now. And with each plum that she plucks off the tree of success, I take a tiny little bow myself because of what everyone knows about Eva Le Gallienne today. I knew her more years ago than most actresses care to retrace. However, Eva was so young when I first saw her that the years which have dashed by are my worry, not hers.

Anyway, she won't mind. She has a great sense of humor about everything but her hats. With those, she displays the same courage that has made her what she undoubtedly is—a big woman. After all, it's her own well shaped head that bears the burden, and most people, having accomplished what Eva has, wouldn't be able to find a hat large enough.

I was playing in The Passing Show at the Palace Theater, London. In that wonderful city every successful star has her own little band of faithful followers who wait at the stage doors to see her come out after the performance—rain or shine—and very often more rain than shine. Usually they are as short on H's as they are long on friendliness, and in my own case being accustomed to hearing: "'Ello, Elsie! 'Ow's Mother? 'Ow's your cold?" "You was in 'igh form today, Miss Janis," and so on, you can imagine my surprise on one extremely wet afternoon after the matinee, coming out as usual, and hearing a rather husky Barrymorean voice say:

"*Bon jour, Mlle. Janis. Vous étiez plus épatante-épatante que jamais cette après-midi.*"

The French was perfect. The voice was arresting. The combination was irresistible. I stopped. We conversed in rapid French while my other faithfuls stood, their eyes and mouths open wide.

At right, Miss Le Gallienne in Ibsen's John Gabriel Borkman.

Above, as Mirandolina, in Goldoni's La Locandiera.

At left, in The Good Hope, by Herman Heijerman.

As Hilda Wangel in The Master Builder, considered one of Ibsen's greatest plays.

Apeda photo

Eva Le Gallienne, founder and director of the Civic Repertory Theater in New York.

Eva has grown a lot since then, for I remember looking down into her great blue eyes. Today our eyes meet, though I really feel I should be looking up when I talk to her. Not that I'm a lowbrow; but, for instance, I not only don't understand Ibsen—I don't make any effort to do so. Eva talked only about me and my performance that day outside of the Palace stage door. She didn't even tell me her name, not that it would have meant anything to me, for I only started reading Richard Le Gallienne's classics after I met his daughter.

I said au revoir to Eva and got into the car.

"That child speaks the most beautiful French," I said to Mother, who was waiting for me and had grown a bit impatient.

"She's sweet looking!" Mother said. "Why don't you tell her to come and see you in your dressing room? She would be thrilled."

We had reached the corner. I looked back. Eva was standing looking after us. I knocked on the window. Frank, our faithful and almost famous chauffeur (famous for being with us twenty years and still bearing up), stopped the car. I leaned out and I motioned to Eva.

She came running. I told her of Mother's suggestion. Breathlessly she thanked me in French and then, turning to Mother, said: "Thank you so much, Mrs. Janis. I shall adore coming."

IF her French was a Parisian treat to my ear, her English was a delight. Even in her youthful excitement she did not raise her well modulated contralto. "*A bientot alors!*" she smiled, stepped back to the curb, and stood pink cheeked and bright eyed as we drove away.

No matter what rôle she may play, whether it be an ancient lady, a nun, or the Italian mistress of an inn, it does not mean that she is not a convincing actress when I say that shining through grease paint, wigs, gray, black—or even of rope like the one she wears in Twelfth Night—I always see the light of that slim, dauntless little girl standing in the slush and mud of a London street, looking as if someone had presented her with a season's pass into Heaven instead of an invitation to tea in the dressing room of a star.

On Saturday I stayed in my dressing room

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[DON'T WEAKEN! Continued from page seventeen]

between performances. This I often did, having dinner sent in. She came, bringing me a small gift of some sort. I don't remember what it was, but I do know it was the beginning of a series, for though I have seen very little of Eva during her rising years, I am always certain that on Christmas and my birthday a charming thought in the shape of some exquisite little book of poems (usually in French) will arrive to prove that success does not affect Eva's memory.

She told me her name—that day—and of how she had been raised in Paris (by way of excusing her lovely French). She answered many questions and finally I asked her if she liked the stage.

That was fatal, at least to her tea. It got cold—the toast shriveled up under her neglect. Her eyes flashed. Her pink and white complexion dropped its white. And even her contralto rose a couple of tones as she told me of her ambitions.

JUST as soon as her mother would allow her to, she was going to enter the Herbert Tree School of Acting. I remember wanting to tell her that I didn't think one could learn to act in schools, but I hadn't the heart to dampen her ardor. I doubt if I could have done so with a garden hose—or even the fire extinguisher which was handy.

Ajax defying the lightning was just a relaxed and timid lad compared to Eva. Not Eva herself, but the spirit imprisoned in that slim body. I don't think terribly stage-struck people become the greatest successes. They are usually too crazy about the stage to see its faults, and often sink under the shock of them, but Eva was more than stage-struck. With her it was almost as much of a vocation as is found among the youthfully religious.

The next time I saw her she was in Tree's school. I don't know how long she stayed there or how much she learned, but before she ever went there, on that afternoon in my dressing room she proved to me that she was already an actress, and I felt that nothing but death would stop her from being in and of the theater.

The next season I was back at the Palace. The war was taking its ghastly toll—but London was carrying on. Managers were producing just the same. In fact, except for losing one's friends, life was not noticeably sad. This was early in the war, though. Later on, it was very different.

One day the stage door man announced Miss Le Gallienne. No longer a pupil at a school for acting, but a full fledged actress, or nearly so, she came into my room.

"I'm opening at the Prince of Wales next week," she told me proudly, and tried to give an impression that she was afraid.

I knew better. She was not afraid. She had never known success or failure and until we've had one or the other, fear is an outsider.

The play was called The Laughter of Fools and on the front pages of staid London newspapers, stealing space from the war communiqués, blazed these headlines:

SIXTEEN YEAR OLD ACTRESS TRIUMPHS IN NEW PLAY AT PRINCE OF WALES

Extraordinary Performance as a Cockney Slavey Places Miss Eva Le Gallienne, Not Yet Sixteen, Among the Foremost Actresses of London.

Such a press reception as Eva had has seldom been seen, read, or believed.

Romantic? I think so. Her first part on any stage—and the next day people who had seen her were raving about her. Others were reading about her. What could have been more perfect? I'll tell you. The play—it ran only two weeks—and the poor little sixteen-year-old success who started as most of them would be grateful to finish, got her first slap. If old stars can't save bad plays, what chance had one just out of the school of acting?

Vandamm photo

Miss Le Gallienne in L'Invitation au Voyage, by Jean-Jacques Bernard.

I didn't see the play, as we had the same matinees. People praised my little friend, and I decided to try and do something more useful than praise.

I spoke to managers about her, but air raids were becoming nightly occurrences and managers were deciding to sit tight awhile.

My friend and leading man, Basil Hallam, was going to the front. I didn't want to play without him, so we were coming to America.

BY this time we had met Mrs. Le Gallienne, a very charming and intelligent lady from Denmark, and from whom Eva gets her strong chin. I don't mean to suggest that Mr. Le Gallienne's chin is weak. I don't know him, but I do know there is nothing Latin about Eva's chin, and her chin is like her mother's, just as my nose is like my mother's nose. My father's nose turns up. Who asked about your nose, Miss Janis? Keep it out of Miss Le Gallienne's story. Well, anyway, my mother said to Eva's mother, "Take her to America."

I said to Eva, "Why not? We'll help you get passage on the St. Louis with us."

And so, laden with life preservers, dogs, birds, and the usual sinking feeling that went with ocean crossings during the war, two Le Galliennes and the Janis girls sailed for the land of the free, where Eva was going to "knock 'em cold."

She eventually did, but the process certainly was long winded. Eva made more personal hits in more terrible plays than any actress of fifty could claim, and in a shorter time.

Having lured them to this side, we—the Janis girls—now started our commuting back and forth across the ocean. First to play, then to do hospital work, then to the war as soon as America entered it, and outside of an occasional line from Eva or a glimpse somewhere in passing I was completely out of her career from 1916 until 1919.

But she apparently had no trouble getting into plays. Staying in them was the difficult part. They just couldn't endure. The bigger the hit for Eva, the shorter the run. Poor kid. She wasn't allowed to pick them as she does now.

HERE follows a list of flivs and flops that she struggled with:

First, Mrs. Boltay's Daughters. Nobody cared whether Mrs. Boltay had sons or daughters, as long as she took them out of New York. She did so very quickly. Then followed Bunny, The Melody of Youth, McLazarus, Mile-a-Minute Kendall. On the list Eva gave me she puts a star after this one, and writes:

"I was fired from this—best thing that ever happened to me; it put me right back at the bottom of the ladder. 'Tis of such a slipperyness that ladder of fame!"

White photo

As Viola in Shakespeare's Twelfth Night she wears a modernistic wig of rope.

The summer of 1917 saw Eva playing in stock in California. I suppose she had got the habit of changing rôles every week or so and couldn't bear to think of the monotony of a long run.

Of all the places I can think of, California seems the least suited to stock. Imagine poor Eva—an old lady of eighteen—shut up in a theater rehearsing all day with sunshine running riot all over the outside of same. Spartan spirit, no less!

The next two plays must have been better, because between them they sprawl over the rest of 1917. They were Saturday to Monday (that's the name of the play, not the length of the run) and Lord and Lady Algy. I may be wrong, but I think that was a good play before Eva was born.

1918. To me that year simply reeks of battles. To Eva it was apparently peace, pleasure and plenty, because it was spent in the supporting company of the unquestionably charming Ethel Barrymore. If I were a person who harbored a lot of ambitions, one of them would be to support Ethel Barrymore for a season, instead of imitating her as I have been doing for many seasons.

In 1919 I again appear on the Le Gallienne horizon. Arriving home from the war, with the feeling that the war was over but the men who had lived through it needed a lot of encouragement in facing the trials of peace, I put on what I called "Elsie Janis and Her Gang"—a show given entirely by ex-service men and which most everyone predicted would fail owing to the fact that the world was tired of war.

Perhaps they were, but not too tired to buy out every seat in the theater a week before we arrived in New York.

One day while I was rehearsing, Eva came to say: "Welcome home." For by this time America was her home, also.

"What are you doing?" I said.

"Well, I've got an offer to do this or that, and—"

"You are going to do this," I said glibly. "Come with me and the gang. I want to do a scene between a doughboy and a French girl. I've got forty doughboys, but no French girl. What could be sweeter," I added, "than to have you? You can speak like a French girl, but you think and act like an Anglo-American female, which is highly desirable when the surrounding cast consists of forty American he-men."

SHERLOCK HOLMES himself would have had difficulty in recognizing the blonde and Danishly calm Le Gallienne, when I presented her complete with a jet black bobbed wig, eyes made up with green to give that much desired feline touch that most Americans insist on handing free of duty to Frenchwomen, and high French heels which hurt her pride almost as much as they did her feet. Eva has a foot complex. She thinks hers are unreasonably large. Maybe they are, but they have certainly carried her where angels couldn't afford to tread. (For instance: If anyone suggested to you that they were going to start a repertory theater in Fourteenth Street, what would you do outside of calling Matteawan and asking the head keeper to send for their pet inmate?)

The gang show was a great success, and Eva's contribution was important, but not too important for me to release her when she had an offer to play a lovely part in a play called Not So Long Ago.

I was fairly Spartan myself in letting her go right in the midst of a successful season. This meant rehearsing a real French girl, there being no one of Eva's bilingual capacity within reach.

Apeda photo

The founder, director, and inspirer of this interesting theater is not yet thirty.

Not So Long Ago was Eva's first real success. By that I mean where she and the play both "clicked." It is on my list from her dated 1920 and 1921.

I saw it. Eva was sweet as the old fashioned crinolined maid. Still knowing that sweetness was not Eva's outstanding quality, I was bored by its sugar-coated smugness, but delighted by its endurance. It ran on and on.

Then came Liliom. In that, the real Le Gallienne began to stir restlessly. No more saccharine sweeties. She hasn't stooped to one since. In Liliom, I was very proud of her.

I almost forgot the little girl on the wet curb. I could have easily, but I like to have her around just to prove that some little girls' dreams do come true. As The Swan she was perfect. That also ran like an epidemic through 1923-1924.

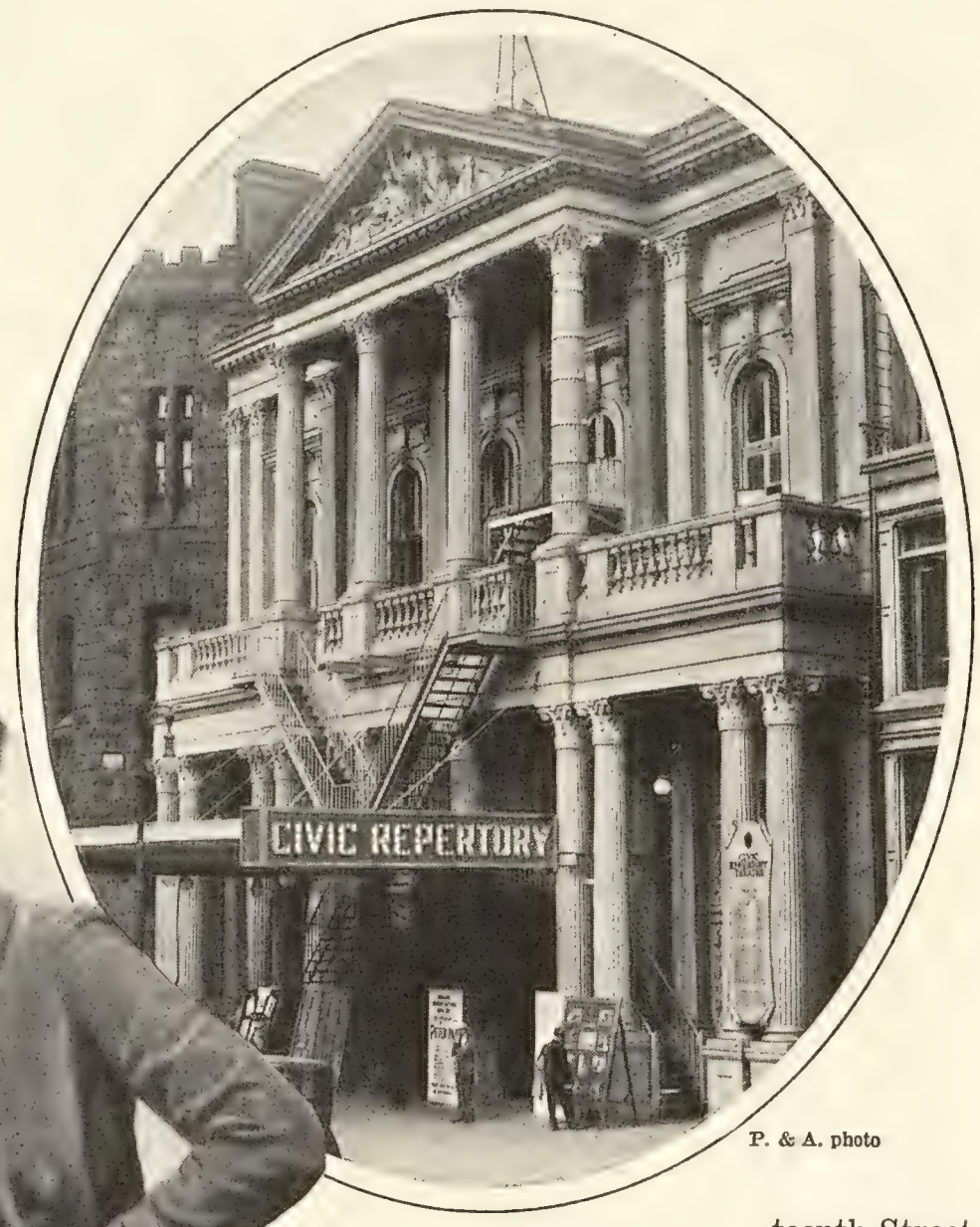
In 1925, the call of life. She must have felt it, for she started matinees of Ibsen—playing The Master Builder, well known to all Ibsen fans, and dragging up from somewhere John Gabriel Borkman. These were the beginning of Eva Le Gallienne —manager.

She started shyly with a timid matinee now and then. People went to see her. Some liked her acting. Everyone bowed before her courage; a few called it nerve. They were wrong.

What was real nerve was to take Mr. Ibsen's plays on tour—to towns where half the public thought his other names were Charles Dana and that he drew pictures of haughty girls and meek men. Eva got away with it all—the rest of that season.

I never even heard about the Civic Repertory until it was a living, throbbing *fait accompli*. To whom Eva confided her plans; from whom she received encouragement and support; how she ever did this colossal job for which she should have a string of medals and many laurel wreaths tinted to match her managerial moods —that's another story.

I went to see *her* theater, where *her* company played a play of *her* choice. I was proud but not envious. I should hate to be civic. However, to Eva goes the credit of being the first person—man, woman, or genius—to put within reach of the great and important masses, and (more to the point) within reach of their pocketbooks, such classics as Three Sisters by Tchekov, The Master Builder by Ibsen, The Cradle Song by the Sierras, Inheritors by Glaspell, La Locandiera by Goldoni, and others.



P. & A. photo

The Civic Repertory Theater in West Fourteenth Street, New York City.

The Civic Repertory is no longer the venture of a girl. It is a splendid institution, founded, run, directed, and inspired by a most unusual woman. Critics who used to smile sardonically now praise paradoxically.

EVA, like every successful explorer, has knockers as well as boosters. Because she has not wrecked any homes or stolen any husbands or married any leading man, people are puzzled. A puzzled public's money is just as good as any other. Eva's head is high, her slim shoulders bear a great burden, at the same time they brush the clouds. Many managers have tried to lure her uptown, but a queen in Fourteenth Street has it all over a lady in waiting in Times Square.

I have tried to give an idea of the courage of this royal girl-woman, but I have saved what I consider the knockout blow for the last round.

Speaking French as she does, Eva could have played Liliom or The Swan in Paris and have been a sensation. I speak as one who knows of the admiration the Parisian public feels for any American who masters their language to the extent of not injuring the delicate French ear.

But Eva chose to play Joan of Arc in Paris —not only Joan of Arc, but that same lady with a lot of new ideas.

Paris is not awfully keen about new ideas anent their traditional heroines. In fact, old ideas—like old smells—are the most successful in the French theaters. It was a failure, but as it was in the summer no valuable time was lost. After all, a Paris flop must be more amusing than a California stock company.

All that's over, anyway, and Eva is looking ahead—not back. Of plans, she has many. One she has carried out, playing Hedda Gabler as a human woman, instead of a cross between an orchid and a bottle of perfume.

Go on, Eva. May you find your Eden, and, when the serpent of doubt creeps in, just say: "Be your age and length. I'm producing this opus."

P. S. I've just seen the Le Gallienne crest and motto on the note giving the list of plays. It's a sort of Roman shield, and the motto is "Force et confiance"—which in my language means "Up and at 'em"—proving that blood does tell, but not everything, thank heavens!

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Answers will be found on page fifty-three

1—Which is called the Big Bend State?

2—What was the name of Robinson Crusoe's faithful servant?

3—Who is generally credited with the invention of the steam engine?

4—What is the name of the present Pope?

5—What is the title of the poem which begins: "The boy stood on the burning deck"? Who wrote it?

6—What have the following in common: El Greco, Murillo, Velasquez?

7—What was Libby Prison?

8—What does *ipso facto* mean?

9—What American automobile racer gained distinction as an aviator in the World War?

10—What great marine disaster occurred in 1912?

11—What type of shawl is named for a town in Scotland?

12—In what building in Washington was Abraham Lincoln shot?

13—Who wrote The Lays of Ancient Rome?

14—What is the name for suicide by disembowelment, as practiced by the Japanese?

15—What is a sobriquet?

16—What is called the City of Magnificent Distances?

17—What system of identification by body measurements bears the name of its originator?

18—In what country are the state and city of Pernambuco?

19—What was the name of Othello's wife?

20—What American playwright wrote The Hairy Ape, The Emperor Jones, Strange Interlude?

Mrs. Grundy Is Dead

A Code of Etiquette for Young Moderns, Written by Themselves

and Edited by

DORIS WEBSTER
and
MARY ALDEN HOPKINS

Pictures by RUSSELL PATTERSON

THE standard books of etiquette to which young persons are referred have hitherto been written by members of the older generation and have frequently set forth obsolete forms which the writers desired to preserve. At best such books present what "should be done," rather than what actually is done.

The telephone, the motor car, the radio, and the general speeding up of daily life have affected social customs as much as they have affected business.

In order to gather information on this point we sent questionnaires to groups of young people of college age in various parts of the country.

This code of etiquette is written by the young people themselves. The social technique described is not necessarily what the late Mrs. Grundy thought ought to be done, but what the young people say they are actually doing.

As the questionnaires were usually returned without names, only the college or group being indicated, the young people were able to express their opinions with the utmost freedom.

Their comments were in many cases extraordinarily keen. They did their own thinking, basing their conclusions on situation, circumstances, and intentions rather than on tradition. In only one case out of all the hundreds of answers received did the writer base a decision wholly on "how it would look."

Although the reactions of the young people were sometimes unexpectedly conservative, and in other cases unexpectedly radical, they were universally more concerned with their own conduct than with other people's. There was no laying down of the law. Tolerance seems to be generally replacing crystallized opinion.

This group to whom questionnaires were sent is not a restricted one. Instead of acquiring our information exclusively from the "Long Island set" or Park Avenue, as has been customary, we have gathered the opinions of young people scattered from California to Massachusetts, from Alabama to Maine.

Instead of recording the fiats of a single society group, we have taken the ideas of young men and women still in college, on the stage, in literary and artistic pursuits, in the home, as well as those of carefully selected social groups in the larger cities. This American viewpoint we have compared with the reactions of a young cosmopolitan group studying at Oxford, coming from England, Scotland, Australia, New Zealand, and America.

All those interrogated have but one characteristic in common—these young people all come from homes with a cultural atmosphere, although their backgrounds vary from Maine farmhouses, where the scholarly tradition influences the entire family life, to southern manors, homes on Beacon Hill, western ranches, and consulates.

We do not present these opinions as formal rules to be followed, but as a help in developing individual technique. Even the most experienced person is more at ease if he knows what is usually done in different social situations. He need not conform unless he so desires, but the knowledge gives him self-confidence.

We have divided the information received into two parts: that which particularly concerns the behavior of men—at dances, in the street, etc., and that which particularly concerns the behavior of women in the same situations. We believe that both sections will be of equal interest to both sexes.

HOW MEN BEHAVE

I. AT DANCES

What is your technique about cutting in?

There are four rules and the rest is a matter of choice.

First: Tap the man and ask the girl.

Second: Don't cut straight back on a girl, or, as others express it, don't cut back on the same man.

Third: Cut in only on girls to whom you have been introduced.

Fourth: Thank the man briefly with a word or a pleasant nod.

Many methods are suggested. The men just out of dancing school have a more formal approach: "Tap the man on the left shoulder, standing at his left. If he does not relinquish his partner immediately, ask her, 'May I cut in?'"

Greater informality is shown by a slightly older man who won prizes during the Charleston craze: "Jenny, may I upset this? Sorry, Terry, your loss."

A young man who wants to be sure he's welcome makes a point of catching the girl's eye first.

A somewhat tentative approach is: "Touch man's elbow gently, smile, and murmur, 'May I cut in?'"

Another, so humble that he suggests an inferiority complex, confesses to "Apologetic attitude."

"Grab elbow gently and usually say nothing," is the brief and businesslike approach of one go-getter.

Various formulas are suggested: "May I cut in?" "May I?" "Pardon me, may I cut in?" "May I break?" "May I cut in, please?" "May I break, please?"

What do you do when no one cuts in on your partner?

Looking over the answer to this question one would never suspect that a dance is for a good time.

"Suffer," says a Washington man simply. "Grin and suffer," says Boston. "Pray for her to powder her nose," say two. "Suffer in silence and pray for rescue," comes from a New Yorker with degrees from Williams and Oxford.

"Keep on dancing with them, confound them!" rails a Canadian. "Perspire," groans a popular lad. "Smile—or swear," recommends a gallant. "Dance on and on," moans a Washington diplomat helplessly.

A second group is less emotional and more

practical. Here are their solutions: "Get busy," "Take her out and eventually lose her," "Set her down if possible," "Get a drink or sit out," "Go on dancing with her and give the distress signal if it gets too bad," "Sit out a few dances and return to dancing."

Your attitude toward the waiter should be natural; neither too grand nor too familiar.

"Take her and introduce somebody to her," says a Syracuse University student, intelligently recognizing that a girl can't be cut in on unless people have met her. "Jack up the fellows," suggests a Californian. Only one repeats the unkind story of offering a bill.

A very small group scattered over the country holds that the purpose of a dance is to dance rather than to see how fast they can shift partners.

Is there a limit to the number of times you may dance with one girl?

Practically everybody says there is no limit. Two considerate males remember that the other men must be allowed a chance. A group in the far west says that there is a limit, but does not mention where the line should be drawn.

A Harvard student with an analytical mind points out that the cutting in system has done away with any need of rules on the number of times one may dance with one girl. "One has little chance to overdo it," he comments.

From the Oxford group made up of men from widely separated countries comes information on British dancing customs. A Rhodes scholar from America tells us how English customs are different from ours.

"Generally there is no limit here to the number of times one may dance with the same girl," he writes, "but one Scotchman says half the dances and one Englishman a third. Cutting in is unknown in England. One either has a program or asks to have a certain dance. The hostess has to keep an eye out to see that no one is left.

"Here the couples much more nearly balance than with us and men are at a premium. At the end of a dance, one just leaves one's partner, which is always a little difficult for me, with my American upbringing of hanging on until relieved. Of course, usually the other partner turns up."

Are you under obligations at a party to dance with a girl who has entertained you?

Only three "noes" and one "not especially." All the rest "yes," and some add "certainly" or "yes, indeed." A New Yorker says "once." A Washingtonian, "more or less." The younger generation has apparently been falsely criticized in this respect. The code which they have made out for themselves is, in this particular, the same as the one which was formerly forced upon them.

Little chance to overdo the times you may dance with one girl.

Do you always greet and say good-by to your hostess?

Nearly everyone says yes, a few qualifying with "try to," "if convenient," "if possible," "if you can find her."

A number always greet but think that good-by depends on circumstances.

Do you ever crash a dance?

A few more noes than yeses. A number of the negatives are emphatic. A Washington, D. C., society man says, "done at college," but some of the most emphatic negatives come from the men still at college, and the University of Louisiana answers as one man, "No."

Do you send flowers to a girl with whom you are going to a dance?

There is division of opinion on this, but apparently it is by no means as obligatory as it once was. "Sometimes" and "No" are common. A Washingtonian, born and bred, says, "That went out long ago." Another in the same group replies, "If you desire and the degree of friendship inspires it. Would not feel obliged to do so."

Three Amherst students, one in the University of Washington and one University of Maine boy say, "Yes, if the dance is formal." A young New York poet writes, "Can't afford it. Would send flowers to everyone on all occasions if I could."

Too bad he doesn't live in California, for the California youths say "Sure" and "Always." The University of Louisiana similarly inclines toward flowers.

Do you wear a dinner coat to formal dances and dinners?

You wear a dinner coat to a formal dance or dinner if you haven't a dress suit and it is all right. The yeses and noes are evenly divided. A Harvard graduate says, "After the war tails were nearly dead but they're coming back."

An American at Oxford writes, "In England tails are dying out a little, but are still *de rigueur* when ladies are present at dinner or a dance, or if you take a girl out in the evening unless your hostess or the girl says not. At the two small dances near Oxford which I have attended—say twenty couples—when I asked, they said 'black tie' (indicating dinner coat), but from a third to a half of the men wore tails. It is getting customary here to wear a white waistcoat with a tuxedo."

Do you feel under obligation to see an unescorted girl home from a party?

Again the younger generation has been maligned! An unexpectedly large number say "yes." The society groups are the only ones where the yeses and noes are even.

The following comments are recorded: "If the girl is good looking," "Yes, especially if she is attractive," "If I like her," "If the girl is O. K."

"Yes, if small—referring to the party," says a Seattle man.

"Yes—I feel them!" sighs a New Yorker, referring to the obligations.

"No, the problem is for the host or hostess," stanchly declares a University of Maine man, where distances are long and trolley cars infrequent, but Louisiana says unanimously and simply, "Yes."

What are the hours of a dance?

The hours of dancing have been very much altered since the invention of the radio, which makes it possible to get up informal dances at a moment's notice. Also the afternoon tea habit has had its influence. In England men have always been included in the universal afternoon tea gathering. In America tea in the afternoon was at first only a woman's affair.

As soon as the American men adopted the Englishman's custom of dropping in to tea, the girls began to dance. The phonograph suggested this. Now the tea dance is a recognized social institution. The hours of a tea dance are from four to six or seven.

Hours of evening dances vary according to formality and local conditions. In college you can't dance all night for three nights a week and get away with it, so the students have worked out for themselves the system of having lots of little and early dances and occasionally a high hat affair. The small and earlies run from 8 or even earlier to 12, 1, or 2.

The more formal dances like proms and fraternity affairs begin later and last longer. The typical society dance begins at 11 and lasts to 3 or dawn—often including breakfast. People are anywhere from a half an hour to an hour late.

Wear a dinner coat to a formal dance if you do not own "tails"—they are dying out, anyway.

An Oxford man calls attention to the contrasting customs in England: "In provincial England, one must arrive before the stated time. In London, one may be late."

Does a girl ever take a man to a dance? If so, who pays for the taxi?

Apparently they do it all the time. Only one no is recorded.

Apparently it is usually the man who pays, although many say, "The man offers, but generally the taxi has been paid for by the girl."

An American in England writes:

"The man should offer to pay the taxi, but the girl should either have it charged so there is no question, or refuse to let him. I always feel embarrassed at letting girls pay. In England, they are much more used to paying their shares than at home, because men are more in demand."

II. IN RESTAURANTS

Do you precede or follow a woman in going into a restaurant?

From the doorway the man catches the head waiter's attention and the head waiter shows you to a table or signals to a waiter who does so. As soon as you are taken in charge, the man drops behind and allows the woman to follow the waiter to the table. Unless the waiter does it, the man pulls out the woman's chair, and seats her before taking his own chair.

Do you smoke a pipe in a restaurant?

Overwhelmingly no, with one or two emphatic denials. Others qualify with "In a man's restaurant," "At a stag party," "In a men's club," or "Not with a girl."

A Canadian "indubitably" does. He may be influenced by the English custom. A traveled American writes, "In France and England pipe smoking in restaurants is more common."

What should be your attitude toward the waiter?

The most illuminating answer on this is, "Be natural; neither too grand nor too familiar." On the whole the answers incline toward an impersonal but courteous attitude.

Yale varies from "Firm but polite" to "Polite but firm," with a scattering of "cordial" and "polite."

Amherst inclines toward "Courteous but not familiar," or "Formal but civil."

Two of the University of Maine students say, "Treat him human." "Human," says Harvard.

The University of Washington says, "Civil and impersonal," or "Impersonal but courteous."

The University of Vermont expresses it tersely, "Friendly formality." A western college sends two unexpected replies: "Respectful" and "Patronizing."

The typical society dance begins at 11 and lasts till dawn.

The society groups incline toward "Pleasant." They also advise "Considerate within bounds," and "Distant but considerate."

From prep schools come such comments as: "Depends on his appearance, friendly or oblivious," "Courteous and dignified," or, "Not interested."

It is noticeable that as men grow older it is easier for them to treat the waiter in a kindly,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[MRS. GRUNDY IS DEAD
Cont. from page 21]

matter of course way.

Do you add up the bill when you are entertaining a girl at a restaurant?

Apparently it is not customary to scrutinize your bill item by item. Only a quarter of the college students who answered add up their bills. A society group a little older than the undergraduates check up on accuracy, although they qualify with such phrases as "Unobtrusively," "Surreptitiously," and "If it looks large."

Upon entering the doorway, the man catches the head waiter's attention.

Among others who add up their bills are several Harvard graduates, a Canadian, and a group of young New York intelligentsia. The University of Washington also goes in for adding up bills.

On the whole it is depressing to see how many hesitate to scrutinize the figures. This may account for the number of mistakes in bills found by those who do add them.

How much do you tip the waiter?

Mostly 10 per cent, though there is a tendency to run it up to 15.

Do you tip the head waiter?

Not on ordinary occasions in a restaurant. If you either receive or wish to receive special service or attention, as, for instance, reservation of a table for a large party, or special decorations or special food—yes. Also if you stay for a considerable length of time in a hotel. The usual amount varies from one to five dollars according to the service rendered.

Do you tip the doorman?

About half do not tip him. Those who do, mention twenty-five cents. Some say fifteen cents. Two or three say ten cents. A New Yorker says that he doesn't unless the doorman has a hard time finding a cab.

Do you leave a tip at a lunch counter?

About twice as many noes as yeses. A few say "sometimes."

Do you leave a tip if the proprietor of a tea-room waits on you?

Almost all say "no." "It all depends on how the proprietor looks," is one comment.

Is there ever occasion to tip at a private club?

Clubs usually collect contributions from members to be distributed among the employees at Christmastime. A box is usually placed in an inconspicuous place in a resident club, in which a guest staying for a few days may deposit money which goes into this employees' fund. In dining room, check room or for ordinary service, you do not tip, whether you are a member or a guest.

Exceptions to the non-tipping rule occur when you ask any special service, like going out of the building on an errand or having clothes put in shape. The barber and bootblack receive tips. Caddies likewise are paid for their services.

Some Harvard men and one Canadian add up the bill.

III. IN GENERAL

What is your etiquette on swearing when there are ladies present?

This responsibility remains on the ladies as of yore: "Depends on whether the ladies swear or not," "Depends on ladies. Before almost any you can say 'God damn.'" "Depends on how well I know them." "I try to keep them from learning any pet phrases. Girls are sharks on the pick-up." "If they say 'damn' so do I, when useful."

The moderates distinguish among swear words: "Nothing worse than damn or hell." "Swear more lightly." "I never do on principle, but I don't count damn." "The use of hell, damn, and devil is permissible with those over sixteen and under thirty."

Others write: "Restrained," "Careful," "With discretion." A number are teetotalers, at least when with women. "Respect allows no profanity," one informs us rather ponderously.

The southern college boys are uniformly against it. "Try not to," sighs another lad.

Do you ask permission to smoke when you are with a girl?

A surprisingly large number dispose of this problem with the simple reply, "I don't smoke."

Among those who do, only the distinctly society groups and the young New Yorkers about town consider it unnecessary to ask permission before smoking. Practically all the others ask permission "unless she smokes herself."

"One usually asks permission indirectly by offering her a cigarette," is one answer, "and if she refuses, then asks, 'Do you mind if I smoke?'"

Many recognize their parents' code by asking, if older women are present. One points out that a pipe is a different matter and permission should always be obtained before producing it.

Do you precede or follow a girl?

The general practice is sensible. The man goes ahead when there is some reason for doing so: in a crowd, to get tickets at the theater and to give them to the usher, and to catch the waiter's attention in a restaurant. Otherwise he follows.

There seems to be a growing tendency among carefree souls to go side by side with the girl if there is room.

Do you write "bread and butter" letters?

Can these men be as punctilious as they represent themselves? At least 75 per cent answer simply yes. An Englishman is emphatic, "An absolute necessity," and from Oxford comes a chorus, "Yes, certainly."

An American ruling runs, "Single man, yes; married man, no," from which we deduce that note writing is a wife's duty.

Do you have "Mr." on your calling card?

The calling card does not function as much in social life as it used to. The business of leaving cards has been largely superseded by the business of the telephone call.

"Mr." is omitted by practically all the men of the state universities and by those who have had European educations. One Englishman in America says forcibly, "No, in my case." The more distinctly society groups use "Mr." in about 80 per cent of the cases.

Tiffany's cards show the entire name, instead of a middle initial, with "Mr." prefixed. The paper is cream white cardboard, gray white cardboard, or artificial parchment. The engraving is script, Colonial, Franklin, shaded antique Roman, or shaded modified Roman.

Do you put "Mr." on an envelope before a man's name?

The majority say "Yes," but a good many prefer "Esq." after the name, instead. "In England," says our Oxford scribe, "gentlemen are always Esq., and tradesmen Mr. This is something Americans should learn, as they are rather touchy about proper titles and forms of address here."

IV. AMONG GIRLS

Do nice girls pet?

The young men show a great deal of emotion on this subject. Vehemently they say yes, nice girls do pet. This is a surprise. The surprise is not that nice girls pet, for there has always been a suspicion that they did, but that so large a proportion of the young men think it's all right.

You may indirectly ask permission to smoke by offering the girl a cigarette.

Time was, and not so long ago, when young men had a double standard on petting. It was all right for the men and all wrong for the girls. Some of the affirmatives, however, are qualified.

"Yes, but the petting is limited," says one. "Yes, but unfortunately not with me," says a non-petting young writer. "Not promiscuously" and "to some extent" are other qualifications.

A small but vigorous minority lament the changing standards. One of them becomes involved, saying, "I suppose nice girls do pet—but how nice are they?" While another says, "Some of the nice girls who pet are nice."

A young man of nineteen, born and brought up in a theatrical family, answers uncompromisingly, "No, they do not." Possibly he's the beginning of a reaction, otherwise it's difficult to account for him.

Back Bay Boston says, "I do not know, but would be prejudiced against one who did. They do not try it on New England granite." Evidently no man need be petted against his will.

Do you feel free to put your arm around a girl with whom you are not in love? In public?

Very much "Yes." No emotional opposition. No emotional acquiescence. Rather taken for granted.

A few comments: "If she is willing," "If she seems to encourage it," and "A friendly arm." "Not if she is the formal type," says a cautious one.

Now the question "in public" comes up. The situation is entirely reversed. There are practically none who approve of this. Overwhelmingly our young men do not put arms around girls in public.

Several emotional "nevers"; one "bad form." A scattering of "It depends," "Not seriously," and "Some types of public."

A minimum say, "Yes," and one brave soul says "Certainly!" with an exclamation point.

Is it bad form to kiss a girl with whom you are not in love?

This is a question that divides families. The yeses and noes run about fifty-fifty everywhere, except in one of the society groups, where not a man considers it bad form, although one says "only foolish." Several qualify, "Not if you know her well." One Englishman answers, "Not at all, and I never miss a chance."

Yes, the young men say vehemently; nice girls do pet.

The non-kissers register their protests as follows: "I do not know. Kissing seems to me unsanitary" (this is New England granite); "I think it is bad form" (the young man in the theatrical line); "Prexy says it is bad form" (this cautious lad will not commit himself).

The kissers-as-kiss-can defend their position with "If you can," "What has form to do with what happens in private?" and "No, it's good for 'em."

The southerners do not kiss girls with whom they are not in love. They seem to be always

in love with the girls they kiss.

How soon do you call a girl by her first name?

Almost all say, "Depends on the girl." One adds to "girl," "age and environment." The universities of Maine, Vermont, Washington, and Louisiana show a tendency to wait till the girl indicates her wish, while Amherst and Yale sprinkle "immediatelys" among their answers.

Overwhelmingly our young men do not put their arms around girls —in public.

A shy young man confesses, "I wait until she calls me by mine."

Another timid youth says he calls every girl "darling" until he dares the informality of her Christian name. For the benefit of shy young men, one might point out that a girl is used to the sound of her own name, and the shock of hearing it is not like the shock of speaking it.

Would you take a girl to the theater if you could not afford orchestra seats?

Contrasting opinions on this. One young society man says, "In the typist season, not otherwise," while another in the same circle tells us, "If I took a girl who didn't go out much I would be afraid she would be disappointed if she didn't sit in good seats. But the so-and-so girls (mentioning a name that stands for many millions) wouldn't mind."

At least 75 per cent of the men would invite their girls to the theater without seating them in the orchestra. Some are emphatic: "Absolutely!" "Of course!" "I certainly would," and "You bet your sweet life!"

A number qualify with: "If I knew her well enough," "Sometimes I would," or "Not unless she understood."

A young chip of "New England granite" says kissing seems to him unsanitary.

Do you ever go Dutch treat with a girl to the theater, luncheon, or dinner?

This reminds one of the poverty line that sociologists work out. When lads are prep school age, and father pays the bills, they scorn to go Dutch treat. When they are first out on their own in the world, the girl who wants to go out with them three days after pay day will have to pay for her own seat in the gallery.

When the man's income increases to the point where he can think of getting married, he again begins to pay the bills for two.

The answers are fifty-fifty on this question, both in the college and society groups. The young men about town are all for it, saying, "Yes, and I wish more often," and "On many occasions—especially toward pay day."

When an affirmative answer is given it is sometimes qualified by remarks like: "Very particular friends only," "If an intimate friend," "If I know her well," "If she suggests it," and "Yes, if she offered and really insisted."

Do you approve of women keeping their maiden names after marriage?

A great many noes, but at that not as many as you would expect. A little show of emotion shown by a few underlines and exclamations.

Fifty per cent of the Amherst men and 100 per cent of the independents say yes. A number of Yale men say, "Professionally yes, socially no."

Virtually 100 per cent of a group of men in the polo players' set say no, the only exceptions being one who says, "Don't care," and one who says, "No, except in professional connection."

The University of Louisiana is unanimously no.

V. IN THE STREET

When walking with a girl do you make a point of walking next the curb?

No answer showed strong feeling on this subject. Virtually all state that the man walks next the curb. One Canadian considers this a minor point and a Washingtonian qualifies his answer with a "usually." Evidently the gentlemen feel that it is their place to take the mud the autos scatter.

Oxford, England, says: "All my friends agree that one walks on the curb side, but I feel awkward if this requires much shifting due to crossing streets and occasionally neglect it; as, I have observed, do others!"

Some men go Dutch treat with girls on many occasions — especially toward pay day.

When two men are walking with a girl does she walk between them?

When one man is walking with two girls does he walk between them?

The general opinion is that in the first case the one girl walks between the two men, but in the second situation the one man walks on the curb side of the two women. This applies in the city; country walking, it is pointed out, is more informal. A minority reads exceptions into the record on both questions, but shows no emotion on the matter.

Under what circumstances do you take a girl's arm?

Good form is certainly changing on this matter, but it is difficult to decide whether arm-taking is at present determined by dangerous crossings or the feelings in the young man's heart.

A Washingtonian of exalted social position never, never, oh, never, takes a girl's arm, except in formal processions to dinner. Another gamboling in the smart set replies, "Every time I feel like it."

A Yale student is even more broadminded; "Every chance I get." A youth about New York sums up occasions; "Street crossings, going upstairs, or merely while walking along if I feel like it."

Clearly it is safer to cross automobile haunted boulevards closely linked together than in scattered formation. The northern college men remember the treachery of ice and mud. Various dangerous conditions were reflected in the replies: "Crossing the street," "Slippery places," "In and out of cabs," "Up steps," "Over obstacles," "Whenever in danger." Two lads from opposite ends of the continent reply, "Not unless she needs help."

A Californian mentions that it is more customary in the evening than in the daytime. Young men who follow the dictates of their hearts write: "When I like her," "Only when on intimate terms to whisper something," "In anger," and "On certain occasions of emphasis."

In general, taking a girl's arm is considered by the men a courteous gesture of protection, sometimes needful and sometimes only friendly.

Almost all take off their gloves to shake hands, provided there is time for it.

Do you keep your hat off when talking to a girl on the street?

Here we have plenty of disagreement.

It is significant that nearly all the southerners answer that they do keep their hats off when talking to a woman on the street, while the majority of young men from such northern colleges as the universities of Vermont and Maine come out squarely against the practice.

A Princeton man strikes a medium by keeping it off for an ordinary conversation.

Some say yes but qualify their answer with, "Unless weather prevents." "You remove it on meeting and leaving and hold it in your hand if you stop only for a greeting," explains one.

In this case, as in many others where the older form clashes with common sense, common sense wins.

Do you take off your glove to shake hands?

Almost all answer yes. Qualifications of the answer are "Gentlemen, no; lady, yes," "If there is time," "Not if doing so would delay." No one suggests the old phrase, "Excuse my glove."

Are you embarrassed when you carry bundles for a girl?

About 75 per cent do not mind it. "Hell, no!" booms one kindly soul. But the minority group dislike it so intensely that a girl should think twice before risking giving mortal offense by placing a man in the position of having to lug laundry or the like. "Yes, I detest it," "Most assuredly," are among the answers.

The matter is put in a nutshell by one who says, "We all agree that the practice of using men as delivery vans for women's shopping should be discouraged."

How much do you tip a taxi driver?

The answers vary from "Nothing" to 25 per cent of the bill. Twenty-five cents is the most frequent reply, but ten cents is common, even among the wealthy.

VI. IN THE HOUSE

Do you make party calls?

Opinion is evenly divided, though somewhat decided, especially when against calling obligations.

The Washington society group varies from a conscientious "I try to," to "Not if I can help it."

One gathers that while most men no longer regard formal calls as a duty, some find in them occasional pleasure. "Yes, on people I care for," and "If I like the host and hostess" indicate open mindedness on the matter!

From the writer and artist group come somewhat rebellious statements like, "When I can think of it" and a decided "I don't know what they are."

A popular youth has made a hit by reviving the old custom of writing notes saying what a delightful dinner or dance it was. A simpler and more frequent habit is to call up on the telephone the next day to let the hostess know you had a good time. Social telephone calls like this have become common, as the telephone has come into general use. The custom is a delightful one; much more human than the old way of leaving cards which it has largely supplanted.

Telephoning ahead when one desires to call is an excellent precaution. It may save one a long trip only to find the hostess out and it gives her a chance to head off the call if she wishes. In such a case the telephone message has almost the standing of a personal call.

A Rhodes scholar at Oxford, acting as scribe for a cosmopolitan group, reports, "All agree that one *should* pay a dinner call but most say that nowadays one often does not and the hostess does not expect it. They distinguish between dances, which are not usually followed by a call, and dinners, which usually are. I myself

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[MRS. GRUNDY IS DEAD
Cont. from page 23]

would always pay a dinner call and hope only to have to leave a card — the good hostess should not be at home. In France, one leaves a card for even a tea dance. One can also there, send a p. p. c. *(pour prendre congé)* card if one is leaving before one has had a chance to call."

The practice of using men as delivery vans for women's shopping should be discouraged.

At what hour do you make an evening call? How late may you stay?

The undergraduates answer that they arrive between 8 and 9. Their departure depends a good deal on local conditions like the time the last trolley car leaves or the hour the good-night bell tolls in the girl's sorority house. Some say 10, some 10:30, some 11, and one 12.

When the hour of leavetaking is not determined by bells and trolleys it seems to depend first on whether the caller is enjoying himself, and second on whether the hostess is enjoying herself.

"As long as it is amusing" and "It depends on whether you are having a good time," are frequent replies. "That's up to her," or, more formally, "Until you infer from your hostess that it is time to go," take her feelings into consideration. "As long as you are welcome," sums up the matter. Not one refers to arbitrary "propriety."

The answers from men who go in for social life in a serious manner show a growing tendency to make calls at teatime rather than in the evening. Along the Atlantic seaboard more men go to teas than in sections where it is a woman's function.

In England it depends largely on the dinner hour, the habits of the people, how well one knows them, and what one does when there. As English people seldom dine before 7:30, one does not call so much afterward.

In France, a Rhodes scholar reports, one leaves a card after even a tea dance.

In what cases do you rise when a woman enters the room?

Not one says that he does not rise at all. Not one grouches about the custom. The majority answer, "Always," but when they speak more specifically they make exceptions at the bridge table, when intimate members of a family come and go, and when a woman asks a man not to rise.

A Harvard-Oxford man comments, "At a big tea, if I were off in a corner and someone entered, I would wait for the rest to do it."

Others make the point that they rise for a young woman the first time she enters the room.

For an older woman every time she enters. One candidly says he rises when "the elders" are present.

What form do you use for an introduction?

"Miss X, may I present Mr. Y?" leads. Less formal are the phrases:

"Mrs. X, have you met Mr. Y?"

"This is Mr. A."

"M, do you know S?"

"M, I should like you to meet S."

A distinction is made between formal and informal introduction. "On the dance floor, simply name the two people, one has no time for more." Several prefer all introductions to be as brief as possible. One considers simply naming the names sufficient when introducing men to each other.

In what words do you respond when introduced?

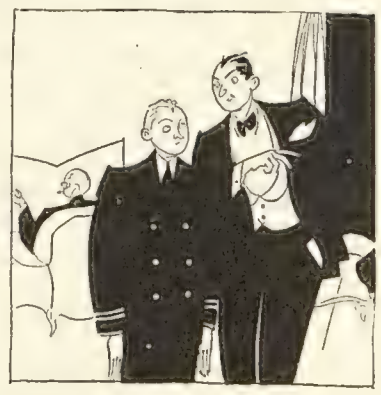
The answers suggest a distinctly cordial note. Mumbling the name isn't done. The two forms that go neck and neck are, "How do you do?" and, "I'm very glad to meet you." One mentions that "I'm pleased to meet you" isn't done any more. "This is a great pleasure" seems to be too stilted for most.

A large number mention that they always attach the name to the greeting. This is a useful as well as graceful habit. Memory courses make a point of this matter.

What form of apology do you use: "Pardon me," "Excuse me," "Sorry," or "I beg your pardon"?

All four phrases are in good standing with "Excuse me" coming last. "Pardon me" or "I beg your pardon" seems to be the typical American form of apology. With the English "Sorry" is increasingly used alone or in various forms like "I'm terribly sorry," "I'm awfully sorry," or "So sorry."

From England comes the following differentiation: "I use all four phrases of apology according to the circumstances. 'Sorry,' with a friend or a servant; 'Pardon me,' if I pass in front of a lady; 'Excuse me,' if I go out; 'Beg your pardon,' if I run down a perfect stranger in the street."



When a club guest is tipping, any special service should be taken into consideration.

Which servants do you tip on a weekend visit and how much?

It is customary on a weekend visit to tip those employees who have performed personal service for one. When a man spends Sunday in a home where no servant is kept, he naturally lends a hand with the dishes and makes himself useful with a can opener or a lemon squeezer.

If a maid of all work is employed, it is decent of him to make her a gift of money to compensate for the extra work she has had on his account. Tipping in a large establishment is likewise a way of expressing appreciation.

The young men who answered the question designated a dollar apiece to chambermaid, valet, chauffeur, butler, or waitress, as a sufficient amount. Among wealthy people this amount increases to two dollars or five dollars. Some give a larger amount to the butler than to the others. One remembered the invisible but necessary cook.

Any special service is taken into consideration. Our English-American friends tell us that when we visit in England we give a butler not less than five shillings and the minor servants not less than two shillings and sixpence.

What studs do you use with a dinner coat? With a dress suit?

Young men wear what studs they please—or what studs they have, although those who have received the right ones for Christmas are sternly correct on the subject. These fortunate young men tell us, as does Tiffany, that black pearl or black onyx are correct with a dinner coat, but that a dress suit demands white studs, usually mother of pearl.

But in spite of this young men all over the country in all walks of life, report blithely, "Gold," also "Anything but gold," also "Moonstone or platinum—any light colored studs," also "Any dark colored studs," also "Pearl or gold." Most of them say without any embarrassment whatever, "I make the same studs do for both suits," or "Most of us have only one set."

The social technique of the present-day youth differs from Dad's in being less artificial.

VII. COMPARED TO THEIR FATHERS

Do you notice any respect in which your technique differs from your father's?

Nearly all agree that the social technique of the present day differs from that of the preceding generation by being "less artificial," "less punctilious," "not rigid in all cases," "less stiff," "less labored and obvious," "not so correct," or, expressed in positive form, "more flexible," or "more informal."

"Mine is more cubistic," says an American brought up in Europe.

But although they recognize the change, these young men are noticeably uncritical of their elders—who are so critical of them. In fact, many of them are proud of their father's rigid formality, though one of them comments, "If I employed his technique myself, I would be considered admirable by his generation and stiff and ridiculous and ill bred by mine."

One who thinks there has been little change says, "I am Victorian, too." Another, though he starts in "Good Lord, yes!" continues, "After all, only in non-essentials. Meals used to be much longer, more courses; men bowed, ladies retired after dinner, etc." "I am of the opinion that what always was good breeding holds for the present," says an Amherst man.

A Harvard man suggests that this same to-do has occurred with each generation. "One learns one's social technique largely from one's parents and diverges chiefly in being less punctilious than they," he reflects. "I suppose that at their age we will be equally set on the rules we are making now. My father always wears a turnover collar with a black tie. I am tempted to return to this, which I did when younger."

A similar idea is expressed by a young Englishman in America, who says, "Yes, I think my father has given up petting, kissing, and possibly putting his arm around ladies in public."

Those who recognize a change more revolutionary than that which always occurs between youth and old age give the following reasons:

It's all because of the women. "Less artificiality because women do not require it," writes a young southerner, then as if afraid of being too kind to women, he adds, "although they still hang on to some privileges to which they are not entitled if they are to be consistent with the obligations of their 'freedom.'"

"It's all the fault of the men"—and this is another southerner speaking; "the present generation seems to be just the least bit crude in certain respects. For instance, some stags feel as though their mere presence at a dance is enough and don't feel obligated to the hostess in the least."

Lack of time is the trouble, according to a youth in a large city where distances are long and engagements are many.

"I haven't time to make party calls," he protests, "to give formal introductions on the dance floor, to see a girl home from a party, to call a new girl anything longer than her first name, or to keep an engagement on the dot."

The final and pleasantest reason is given by a Canadian newspaper man in New York: "While father's technique is based upon the very proper upbringing which he had and the rules laid down by his ancestors, mine is based upon my own desire for ease and my desire to make other people easy. It is obviously absurd to bring the formality of an 1890 drawing-room among addicts of the saxophone or to reverse the process with people of the older generation."

The thing is not what is proper, but what is convenient and agreeable.

Next week, representative girls will tell how women behave—with men, at home, in public, etc.—now that Mrs. Grundy is dead.

GRAPHIC SECTION

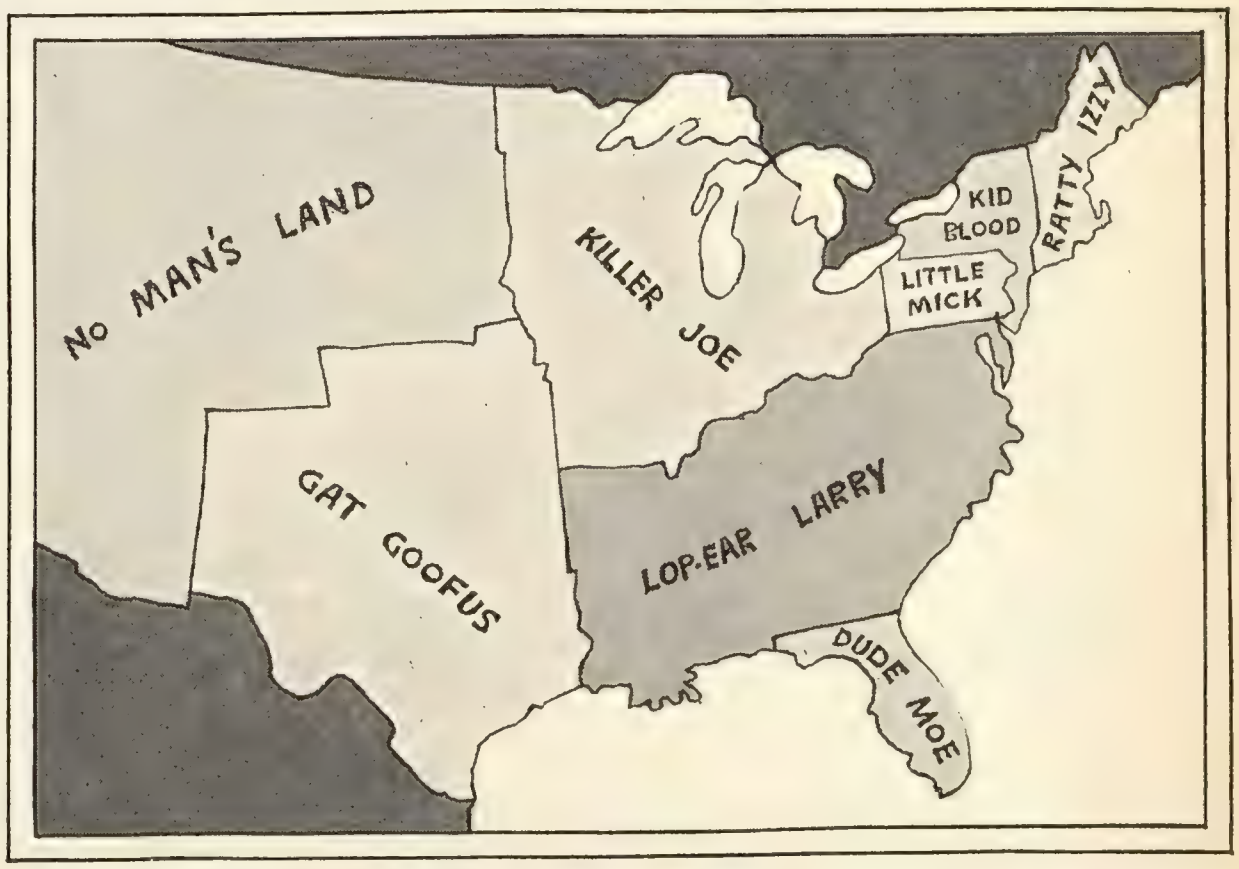
News of the World

By RALPH BARTON

A DELIGHTFUL STUDY OF NEW YORK from Governor's Island by Kunzosky Janos, the celebrated Hungarian painter.

THE MOST CHARMING ASPECT OF THE PROHIBITION AMENDMENT is that when the Anti-Saloon League allows us to abolish it all the best people will either be dead or hopeless soaks.

IN AN AGE IN WHICH IT IS DIFFICULT TO DISTINGUISH BETWEEN WIVES AND SWEETHEARTS, it is as well to remember that a wife is a woman who enjoys the 500th kiss from the same man.



A NEW MAP OF THE UNITED STATES, showing the territory of the various gang governments as apportioned for the year 1929, with the name of the ruler of each. (Subject to change without notice.)

Out of the Past

Three Old-Timers Come to Life Again

A Page of Movie Reviews

By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

In the following reviews the photoplays are rated by stars. One star preceding a review means fairly good; two stars, good; three stars, excellent; and four stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★

REMEMBER mad Iris March of Michael Arlen's erstwhile sensation, The Green Hat? The movies are just as mad as Iris ever was. Deacon Will Hays banned Michael's novel, and what did Hollywood do? It changed the title to A Woman of Affairs, shifted the heroine's name to Diana Merrick, and followed the original tale with better than usual fidelity.

Doubtless you have heard of Iris, who frittered her life away in a swanky automobile, all because the man she loved didn't marry her. Iris played bitterly and cynically at love and it was all told in Arlen's tantiviest manner. The novelist seems always to be writing in a hired dress suit.

The film Diana has her car and her little (and presumably green) hat. Greta Garbo is nearly breath-taking as Diana. None of those slinky gowns and scorching glances from under half-closed eyelids. None of that. Miss Garbo is just the last word in hunt-breakfast bravado and hale-fellow-well-meant dash. Iris—or rather Diana—is courageous and contemptuous of opinion and—my, my!—hiding a torn heart under a front of jolly old English bravery.

You probably think that Miss Garbo can't play such a rôle. Wrong! She is a really striking Diana. Still, I would probably say that if she attempted Topsy or Lady Macbeth.

John Gilbert is rather incidental as Neville, who didn't marry Diana for the honor of the Holdernesses. Doug Fairbanks, Jr., overacts as Diana's heavy drinking younger brother, brought to his alcoholic state by sister's gay philandering.

You will like Lewis Stone and Hobart Bosworth for their stalwart British background. A Woman of Affairs is full of bachelor diggings, London fogs, glimpses of Cambridge oarsmen, and young Britons being sent on foreign missions to forget.

A Woman of Affairs, for all its curious paper-back novel fascination, is effective. That's because Miss Garbo was never better.

★ ★ ★

Fourteen years ago a Broadway playwright, Elmer Rice, seized upon the then sniffed-at movie technique and wrote On Trial. Here was a courtroom melodrama told entirely in flashback scenes.

Who killed the wealthy play-boy, Gerald Trask? The hitherto spotless young man, Robert Strickland, is on trial for the crime and he freely admits his guilt. But a brave young lawyer for the defense insists upon delving into the murder. The gavel falls, the judge takes the bench. As for you, your eyes see what the witnesses relate.

Courtroom drama seldom fails to grip, and this one is better acted than any all-talkie to date. Richard Tucker walks away with the chatter honors as the prosecuting attorney, but good work is contributed by Bert Lytell (just a little heroic), Lois Wilson (in spite of this being her first microphone effort), Pauline Frederick (whose throaty voice sounds like something produced by a ventriloquist), and an excellent child player, Vondell Darr.

★ ★

The talkie magnates are as zealous in their excavation work as Egyptian archæologists. Sometimes they get the wrappings off and find little inside, but the zeal is unmistakable. Metro-Goldwyn has just dug up the Paul Armstrong and O. Henry effort of eighteen or so years ago, Alias Jimmy Valentine.

If your memory is good, you may recall H. B. Warner as the original poker-faced Jimmy.

Bill Haines' joshing performance is vastly different.

Jimmy, you know, was a lad seeking to redeem himself after a bad city start. Becoming cashier in a small-town bank in order to loot the place, he comes to love the president's daughter. And she comes to love him.

The regeneration is working smoothly until the heroine's little sister gets locked in the bank vault. What to do? Jimmy feels out the right safe combination with his sensitive fingers and this spills the whole story of his evil past.

Alias Jimmy Valentine is not bad, at all. It isn't an all-talkie, but one of those films with disconcerting patches of talk. As soon as the cast opens its mouth, the honors go, not to the brash Mr. Haines, but to Lionel Barrymore as a skeptical detective who is shadowing Jimmy.

Clandestine love in A Woman of Affairs, alias The Green Hat, with Greta Garbo and John Gilbert.

Pauline Frederick and Bert Lytell in the talkie movie On Trial, a stage play fourteen years ago.

Personalities—

Lionel Barrymore, Lewis Stone, and Hobart Bosworth are old-timers. They are, respectively, forty-five, fifty, and sixty-one. Stone is a major in the reserve corps. Bosworth was a sailor on an arctic whaler for three years and started picture work for old Selig.

Do you know that—

John Gilbert has signed with United Artists? . . . Richard Barthelmess has a new First National contract at slightly better than his old one, which called for $8,000 a week? . . . Bebe Daniels has left Famous Players after ten years? . . . Rin-Tin-Tin is to do a barkie?

PACKARD

Why not buy a good used car?

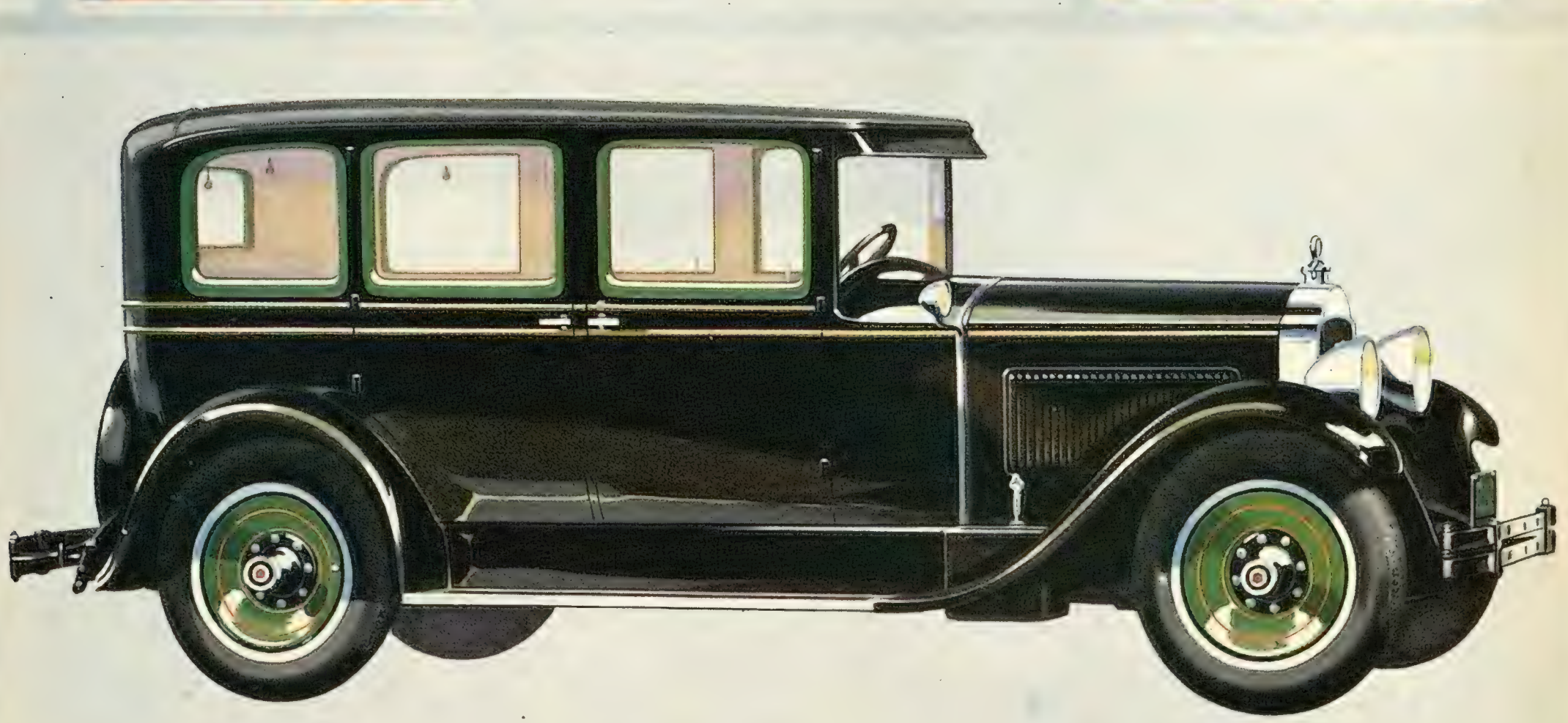
Many a Packard offered for resale is newer than Packard cars you see daily driven by your friends and neighbors, the original owners.

The Five-Passenger Sedan shown below, for example, was turned in when a little more than a year old by a well-to-do ranch owner. He had driven it only 12,000 miles, but wanted a seven-passenger model. So he was willing to sacrifice the many more thousands of miles of luxurious transportation his former car would have provided.

His loss was another's gain. No sooner had the Sedan been reconditioned, and modernized with the latest lamps, than it was purchased by a young construction engineer for combined business and family use. The latter wisely acquired *all* of the new car distinction and *most* of the new car mileage for but *part* of the new car cost.

A good used Packard is a better investment in prestige and performance than many a lesser car selling new at like price. Why not investigate the reconditioned cars your own Packard dealer has for sale?

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE



Women Understand These Things

The Story of a Siren's Revenge

By NORMAN S. HALL

Pictures by RALPH PALLEN COLEMAN

APPROACH women with soft words; when you kiss their hair speak of incense, though the fragrance be no more noteworthy than that of your own favorite shampoo; and never tell them the truth when a lie will serve, because they are happier if they think a man has lied to them.

If, when you leave them, you are moved by a desire to have the parting seem of moment, do it at twilight. Tears that are reluctant in the morning come easily as night settles down and, when a woman has wept over you at the close of day, you are almost certain to be regarded tenderly until the next morning—if another man doesn't happen by.

You can be brutal, if you are polite; gross, if you are poetic; and women will love you. More, after you have been shot by some jealous husband, they will remember you tenderly and sigh. But, if you cherish peace of mind and happiness, never, never wound a beautiful woman's vanity.

Thorn Loring did and it turned out badly.

You will have to decide for yourself what Thorn Loring was. Thorndyke Beveridge Loring, Sr., his father, referred to him as that "damned, noisy, obstreperous nuisance." The crowd he ran with described him as a "nine ton, two tailed wow." It is quite conceivable that he was a little of both and he certainly was something of an ass, else he never would have selected Marcia Trent as the subject of an experiment.

The first time Thorn ushered Marcia into the shadowy, lofty living room of his bachelor apartment she registered her approval with a little gasp of surprise. There was no questioning his taste. His pictures were good pictures, his rugs were Sarouks, his couches were low and wide and plentifully supplied with camel bags, velvets, and expensive silks stuffed with down.

Thorn held her a moment as he took her wrap. Marcia liked that. She was a soft bodied, Madonna faced hypocrite who asked only one thing of life—enjoyment. But the means to that end must be of her own choosing. She couldn't justly be called a gold digger. She had no need of money for money's sake, so she took things from men that were vastly more precious than dollars—ideals, courage, morals. Thorn had more dollars than he ever would need and he was enjoying that stage of his turbulent twenties when ideals, courage, and morals were still squanderable.

He had been rushing Marcia because she was attractive, elusive; pretty quarry to be stalked; and she had made the chase particularly interesting. He never was quite sure whether she would or wouldn't accept his scheme of things, and that is a delightful state of affairs.

Her decision to let him take her to his rooms for a cocktail had come suddenly, reversing a refusal scarce an hour old. She made decisions that way, with a semblance of spontaneity that cloaked shrewd speculation and carefully thought out plans. Less desirable men than Thorn Loring had won her—discreetly of course—but none in such an engaging manner; and she wanted to prolong this winning to the uttermost moment of enjoyment, but not so long that Thorn would tire of the pursuit—which is precisely what she did.

Curled on a divan opposite the fireplace, she sipped her cocktail and smiled up at Thorn.

"I'd no idea it was so nice," she said, glancing about the room.

Loring smiled. He could see conquest ahead. Sometimes they were nervous when alone with a man in his rooms.

The golden stain on the wall, where the sun's rays splashed through the skylight, turned to crimson, to salmon pink, to the somber gray of dusk. The back log flared, parted, and dimmed to a red blur in the gloom. The voices from the couch sank to a lulling murmur and became still.

MARCIA stirred until her lips were at Loring's ear.

"Oh, Thorn," she whispered, "I love you so much it frightens me, because I have no will to deny you anything. And I must, Thorn, I must. Please help me!"

She knew the value of *that* speech. She knew, too, that most men take themselves and their conquests very seriously and must be made to feel that they have been a little ruthless, as properly becomes the male. But she neglected to consider the fact that Thorn Loring possessed a delicious sense of humor.

"Help you, sweet?" he murmured, adding inwardly, "And how!"

Silence gathered about them for a long interval while Thorn held her, his cheek pressed against hers, the fingers of one hand caressing the fine gold hair at her temple. Then he drew her to him, kissed her lightly on the brow, gently pressed her back among the pillows, heaved himself up, and crossed the room.

He had to put distance between them lest she realize he was laughing.

Not until Marcia heard the sharp click of his cigarette case at the fireplace did she become possessed of the knowledge that there would be no prettily protested seduction at the hands of Mr. Thorndyke Beveridge Loring, Second, *that* day.

For the first time in her life Marcia Trent experienced the burning pain of shame, and the scorching flame of it kindled fires of fury within her as she lay in the gloom that shrouded her outrage quivering body.

Oh, but Thorn Loring would pay for this, the—the—spineless fool!

A BIT later Thorn drove her home, chuckled now and then at thought of the episode, and forgot it.

Marcia threw toilet accessories at her maid, ripped a negligee to ribbons because she felt she must destroy something, then flung herself across the bed and wept.

JANICE stood in the doorway and the windows were full of heads. "He followed me," Marcia was sobbing, "and grabbed me."

Shortly thereafter Thorn Loring met Janice Lane.

Everyone said she was beautiful. She was, but it was a beauty that shone from within, not merely features and a complexion. Her beauty was as firmly honest as the clasp of her capable hand and as deeply sincere as the cool, gray eyes she turned upon the world.

The first time Thorn asked her to marry him she said, "No," because she wanted him to say the same thing again, which, quite probably, is the reason all women say, "No," the first time. The second time he made his plea she said, "Yes," and some other things which went something like this:

"Thorn, you're a dear and I do love you. You drink more than I'd like to have you, but you'll tire of getting plastered after a while. I'm not afraid of that and I'll help with hangovers. But, Thorn"—and here her eyes had gone deep and dark—"you've got to stop sheiking—or—or whatever you call it. It's messy and I don't like it. Besides, if I want you at all, I want all of you."

INASMUCH as Thorn would have pledged himself to stop breathing had she asked it, he promised. They were married and for six months Thorn strode the clouds.

Then Janice met Marcia Trent. Marcia contrived that. As a matter of fact she had begun her contriving several weeks before when she had had herself announced in Thorn's office shortly before lunch time one day.

"I've been to my broker's," she explained, as she took the chair he placed for her. "I'm changing some bonds and things and he wanted to discuss them with me."

The beautiful, delicately scented liar! She hadn't been near her broker. She sank back in her chair with a little sigh indicative of complete fatigue after her session with the horrid old broker man and pouted at Thorn.

"I thought you might take me to lunch," she said.

Thorn did. Over coffee she let him understand that there must be further sessions with her financial adviser and, of course, Loring spoke for her luncheons. Three times she put that over. Not many, but enough.

Then Thorn barged into her as he was leaving the office one afternoon.

"How perfectly splendid," she purred. "Drive me uptown? I'm going to tea at Grace Sage's."

Thorn was dashing for nine holes before dinner, but, being Thorn Loring, he drove her to Grace Sage's. There she met Janice.

When they were introduced Marcia beamed, looked about her to be sure there were listening ears, and cooed:

"How lovely! I've just left Thorn—"

She stopped speaking abruptly as the clatter of tea things immediately about them stilled, and shot a sidelong glance at Janice that was not lost.

"He drove me uptown," she added lamely and turned the conversation.

LATER, as they emerged into a spring dusk as thick as blue smoke, Marcia was at Janice's side.

"Thorn will be glad to know I've met you," Janice said, wondering why she disliked the woman so.

Marcia seemed to speak absently.

"Yes," she said. "Only last week he told me—"

She turned abruptly, exclaimed, "I forgot to thank Grace!" and fled back into the house.

By dinner time, Marcia's two unfinished sentences had carried Janice as near petulance as she ever came, just as Marcia Trent intended they should.

Mean, trivial things bring on catastrophes. A word or two, seemingly too unimportant to mention, smashes a family. Had Thorn been the first to speak of driving Marcia uptown, the matter would have ended there. But he didn't mention it. Indeed, he had forgotten it. When Janice asked him he mumbled an affirmative and went back to his paper.

"I met her this afternoon," Janice continued, and something in her level tone swung him about. She was looking straight at him—straight—almost into him, he would have said.

"Uh, huh," he grunted, wondering what there was about that to make Janice so serious.

"How often do you see her?" his wife asked in that level voice.

Thorn wasn't interested in Marcia Trent and he was in his paper. "Hardly ever," he replied. That was true but it was unfortunately put.

Janice didn't press the matter. She left it dissatisfied, with an uneasy sense that Thorn had evaded the issue. In the weeks that followed, those broken sentences of Marcia's rankled more than she would have admitted to anyone, more than she admitted to herself; but she did not mention Marcia's name again until the night of the Brook Valley Hunt Club's midseason frolic.

This was Janice's favorite revel. There was

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[WOMEN UNDERSTAND THESE THINGS]
Continued from preceding page

dancing until dawn, when Old Watts blew a rousing blast on his hunting horn and they sang up the morning with The Merry Huntsmen before scrambling for the locker rooms and riding togs. Then, the stable yard all dun and black and gray with pawing, snorting horses. Light laughter, the creak of leather, and the metallic ring of the horses' hoofs on stones

The polo crowd sliding up on rearing mounts with indolent, conscious grace. The oldsters, already stiff from dancing, evidencing the caution that comes with years and slowing blood by a soothing, "Steady, girl, stop it now!" or an impatient, "Ho, dam' ya! Stand still a minute!"

The clattering roar of the start on a ten mile course of fields and fences, brooks and briers, circling back to the club and a piping hot breakfast.

Janice liked all that.

AS Thorn swung the roadster into the club drive the night of the dance, the lilt of a fox-trot drifted to them and the hint of music veiled the serious depths in Janice's gray eyes, exposing only a sparkling, flat surface that reflected the lights and the colors and the spirit of the night. She forgot Marcia, danced, flirted a little—a very little—and was completely happy.

It was late—almost time for Old Watts—when she went nosing about for Thorn. She believed he would be in the locker room pouring things out of bottles, but a page she sent there could not find him. Certain he was not dancing, she entered the glassed-in porch at the south end of the long room that served for the night as a ballroom.

On gala nights, such as that of the midseason affair, Brook Valley Hunt Club wives who were at all discreet did not barge into the dimly illuminated sun room in search of missing husbands. Instead they sent a page, then waited with what patience they could command until the mate they had summoned left the conservatory by one of the outer doors, circled the clubhouse, climbed the stable yard stairs to the locker room, and came down to the main hall with a strong odor of whisky and a fine air of injured innocence.

The beat of the music and the clatter of voices followed Janice only a little way. In here was a restful quiet, a cool, green silence, and she had the uncomfortable sensation of being watched by hidden eyes. She tried to hum a little for nonchalance, but abandoned it.

Halfway down the porch she glanced through the fronds of a huge boxed fern marking the fountain circle and plainly saw Thorn. Beside him sat Marcia Trent.

Both gazed across the noisy little fountain—pensively, Janice thought—and all of her dislike for Marcia Trent came to the fore in an angry surge. As she approached, Marcia turned quickly and rested a hand on Thorn's arm. Janice knew she was about to speak and deliberately paused to listen. She could hear Marcia's words clearly:

"Suppose she knew what we are doing, Thorn?"

For a space Thorn continued to stare out across the fountain. "The old girl certainly would boil over," he replied, and Marcia laughed with him.

Janice stiffened. The cool, green palm room suddenly became hot, unbearable, and she retraced her steps quickly to the open dance floor.

Mean, trivial things and catastrophes again. She recalled that day at Grace Sage's, and Marcia's broken sentences. She remembered Thorn's apparent evasiveness that night when she had questioned him.

She felt cheapened, common. To hear herself spoken of as "the old girl" by Thorn! And to his—his—she would not let the word take full form even in her thoughts.

"Oh, Thorn," she whispered. "I love you so much it frightens me."

Poor Janice could not know that Thorn's "old girl" was none other than Mrs. John Thomas Wells-Pierce, the Brook Valley Hunt Club's haughtiest dowager. The seat occupied by Marcia and Loring afforded a view through the palms of one side of the dance floor. For Marcia's amusement, while they were sitting out a dance, he had been criticizing Mrs. Wells-Pierce's gown and mimicking her gestures as she conversed with a group of satellites.

HURT, angered, Janice stood forlornly alone mid the laughing, jostling dances and wished mightily she had remained at home. She wanted to run somewhere—out into the night, to the car, home, anywhere that would rid her of this new feeling of disgust for the Brook Valley Hunt Club, its guests, and its party.

Out in the yard Old Watts was raising a fine to-do with his trumpet, but Janice scarcely heard the blatant notes. For the first time her heart did not whir up like a quail breaking cover at the rousing, dawn stirring beat of The Merry Huntsmen. Thorn Loring had failed her and no view halloo could raise her spirits.

As those about her gave full throat to the last line of her favorite hunting song she saw Thorn striding toward her.

"Hustle," he called above the din of voice. "It's boots and panties for you, old girl."

Had it not been for that repeated "old girl," she might have matched his gayety for form's sake, but the words stiffened her.

"I'm not riding," she said coldly, when Thorn reached her side.

"But why?" Blank astonishment swept the grin from his face and fixed a stare in his eyes.

Janice regarded him with that straight, level glance for a pulsing minute before she spoke.

"Why don't you ride with Marcia Trent?" she asked, realizing that her voice was a little strident.

Astonishment took full possession of his countenance and pried his lips apart. Then a hot red wave surged up his neck, over his ears, and dyed his face. His lips came together with a bunching of jaw muscles and his eyes went long and narrow under a frown.

"I'll be glad to," he said stiffly, gave her a curt nod, and stalked off to dress.

So no one would see the tears Janice walked hurriedly with bowed head to the open veranda.

Thorn did ride with Marcia and, although she never understood just how the situation had come about, she realized that Loring was distressed, a knowledge which brought her happiness. Indeed, it was patent to all who saw him on that dawn ride that Thorn Loring was not himself. When, through his own damned foolishness, an intelligent horseman ruins the performance of a good hunter, then mistreats the horse because of his own blunders, it is self evident that he is either drunk or has had an unpleasant few minutes with a woman. Thorn Loring was not drunk.

WHEN, upon returning to the clubhouse, he learned that Janice had taken the roadster and gone home, he shamelessly joined forces with Tommy Breen, the club's champion bottle hurdler.

Janice was jealous! That was it. Over and over again he repeated this to himself. At first he attempted to treat the situation with rational thought; then he became indignant, passed from that to a profound self sympathy which prompted him to inform Tommy repeatedly how greatly Janice —"The greates' li'l girl in th' worl' "—misunderstood him.

They left the Hunt Club to go into town to one of the few remaining clubs where Tommy Breen was not under suspension for infractions of the rules having to do with the peace and quiet of other members. There Janice found him two days later. He had sent a page boy home for clothes and the miscreant had betrayed him into the hands of his wife.

When he came to the telephone in answer to her call, Janice demanded no excuses nor did she open the way to recriminations.

"One of us is wrong, Thorn," she said, and there was a plea in her voice. "Let's see which it is."

"I'm for that, Jan," Loring agreed a little thickly, wondering why a man's head couldn't just ache up and down or from side to side instead of all ways at once.

"But, look here," he continued. "I'm in no shape to sit around and be yelled at, though, Lord knows, I probably deserve it. Tommy Breen's under the shower now trying to get sober enough to think of some people for a week-end up the Sound on his houseboat. We'll leave from the foot of Ninety-sixth Street at four this afternoon. Come along, like a good girl."

Janice would have preferred other surroundings for their domestic conference but, to please Thorn, she acquiesced. When she went aboard that afternoon she found a typical Tommy Breen party in full blast. The Allisons were there, Bob and Hattie, Rod Walling with a thin flanked, flat chested flapper who repeatedly slapped a skinny thigh, squeaked, "Hey! Hey!" then flipped pipestem legs in the first steps of the Charleston, and, at luxurious ease in a deck chair—Marcia Trent!

That was Tommy Breen's own idea, one he

had carried to completion without Loring's knowledge. He knew Thorn had rushed Marcia, and, since Janice misunderstood Thorn, he, Tommy Breen, would rush into the breach and provide a girl who perhaps did not misunderstand Thorn. Anything for good old Thorn! Tommy was still tight. For that matter so was Thorn, but he wasn't boasting about it.

Janice and Marcia greeted each other cordially enough, but the steel was out! You could see it in the eyes of both.

Thorn saw it and it added mightily to the discomfort that had been growing within him since he learned Marcia was to be one of the party. He had not known she was included until he and Tommy came over the side and found her sitting aft while a steward stowed her bags. He hadn't the remotest idea why Janice was jealous of her, but jealous she was.

TO Tommy he confided some of his apprehensions, but Breen dismissed them with a large wave of the hand and offered consolation.

"Don't you worry, Thorn," he said, stirring the ice in his highball glass with his finger. "Don't you worry about women. Never worry about women when li'l Tommy Breen is around. Li'l Tommy Breen and Casanova"—he snapped his fingers airily—"same thing. Both of us good with women."

Thorn hoped so.

Dinner went smoothly enough and later, when they got to dancing on the cleared main deck aft, a casual onlooker would have declared it a perfect party. Loring neglected the dancing, but he was one up all around on the drinking. Marcia annoyed him. If he stood at the rail, presently he found her standing beside him, an arm linked in his or a careless hand on his shoulder. If he sprawled in a deck chair, she was certain to perch on one arm of it. And Janice watching with that straight, level stare.

Why in hell didn't Marcia keep away from him? If she knew how Janice felt? He sat erect, a great light dawning. If she knew! That was it. All he had to do was explain the situation. Good old Marcia! Always was a peach. She'd help a fellow iron out a mess.

The next time she came to him it was Thorn's hand that went to her shoulder. The hand slipped, groped a bit, and Marcia realized with a little flutter of elation that Thorn was far from sober.

Thorn adopted what he felt was his best bantering manner and addressed her.

"You and I've got to rig up a conspiracy," he said, grinning at her. "Conspiracy to pr'tect my wife. Wives must be pr'tected. I know you'll help, but it takes plans. Got to go some place and lay plans."

Marcia's eyes glistened. Oh, angels! It was to be better than she had dared hope, for here was the spineless, drunken fool doing it himself! She smiled up at him.

"All right, Thorn," she said and smiled again because she could see Janice watching them. "I was just going back to my cabin for some of my own cigarettes. Come back in a minute. It's the second on the right."

She turned up the deck and melted away like a wisp of mist.

Thorn loitered at the rail sufficiently long to light a cigarette and followed. The door to the cabin she had named was open, but the stateroom was dark.

"Marcia," he called softly and received in answer:

"Come in."

He stepped over the high sill.

Something struck him in the face, something that cut. There was a shrill scream. Lights flashed up. Feet pounded toward him. He heard Marcia's voice and she seemed to be crying. He attempted to slip back into the path of thought by using her words as guideposts.

"—came back after cigarettes," she was saying.

Right, he checked mentally, she had said cigarettes.

"—and the stateroom was dark—"

Correct again, he thought, and grinned a little. The stateroom *was* dark. He glanced about him. Janice stood in the doorway and the windows were full of heads. What the devil were they all staring at him for?

"—and he followed me," Marcia was sobbing.

Girl's clever, he agreed; he'd done just as she said and followed.

"—and grabbed me."

Hold on, thought Thorn. Wrong there! Must have been two other fellows. He chuckled at that. Then his eyes focused on Marcia and he became cold sober.

Her silver-gray evening dress was ripped to the waist and she was crumpled against the bed. He was conscious of a pain along his cheek and raised one hand to it. It came away wet. Everyone in the windows—everyone in the party—was watching him.

"—so I dug at him with my nails," whimpered Marcia, "and screamed. The beast!"

She flung a look of unutterable loathing at Thorn.

HE turned bewilderedly, piteously, to Janice in the doorway. She was marble white and quivering, but her voice was steady.

"Through, Thorn," she said, and turned away.

There was a commotion at one of the windows and Tommy Breen elbowed halfway into the cabin. He grinned widely at Thorn.

"Wha's this?" he demanded. "Women being 'tacked on my boat?" He waggled his head at Thorn. "Musn' do that, Thorn. If anybody's goin' to 'tack women on this boat let th' hos' do it." He screwed the grin up into a wink.

But Thorn was sober. "Oh, go to hell, Breen!" he gritted, wiped the trickle of blood from his cheek, and pushed through the group in search of Janice.

. . . . . .

She divorced him in Paris that winter. After uttering her succinct, final "Through, Thorn," she had addressed but one sentence to him. He had said one million to her.

To all his futile pleading, carried on till the day she sailed, she replied:

"Thorn, I love you. If I'm ever convinced your version is the true one, *I'll* come to plead with *you*."

After she had gone, Thorn sat himself down to decipher the problem and failed dismally. He knew he had been framed, beautifully, masterfully, thoroughly. But why? To what end? He wouldn't go to Marcia. He had sense enough to know she wouldn't tell him the truth and he was afraid he might kill her if she came within arm's reach.

JANICE remained in Europe a year after her divorce, but it was a gloomy Europe. She missed Thorn, missed him increasingly as the days went by. The Sages took a villa at Nice and had her down for the season, but it was tasteless. The Mediterranean was just a body of water with ships on it and the mountains nothing more than hills with trees. Of the two she liked the hills best. She could climb to some sun-bathed ledge and think of Thorn undisturbed. She had realized months since that he would ever be all of life to her. Why not go back and tell him so? Perhaps if she went home and let some of the old crowd rush her a bit, Thorn would—

What was that? If she let some of the old crowd rush—why, that would make Thorn jealous! And if a woman wanted to make *her* jealous she would try to make her believe that—

Janice booked passage on the next steamer. A week later she called Thorn at his office.

"I told you I'd do the pleading if I ever became convinced I was wrong," she said, a little breathlessly. "Well, I—I'm pleading now."

She heard his gasp over the wire. "You—you mean I can come back?"

"Yes, you goose," she giggled, but her voice trembled.

"Where are you?" he demanded.

"Home. At father's."

"Be there in twenty minutes," he blurted, and was—with two summonses in his pocket.

On that second honeymoon he told Janice all he knew of Marcia Trent, even to that afternoon in his apartment, and he had the heaven-sent intelligence to forget the usual reticences and tell, a little sheepishly, the entire truth.

"So *that's* why she did it!" exclaimed Janice exultantly and kissed him.

Thorn was a little bewildered, but entirely too happy to want an explanation.

Women understand these things.

THE END

Everyone said she was beautiful, but it was a beauty that shone from within.

Thorn would have pledged himself to stop breathing had she asked it.

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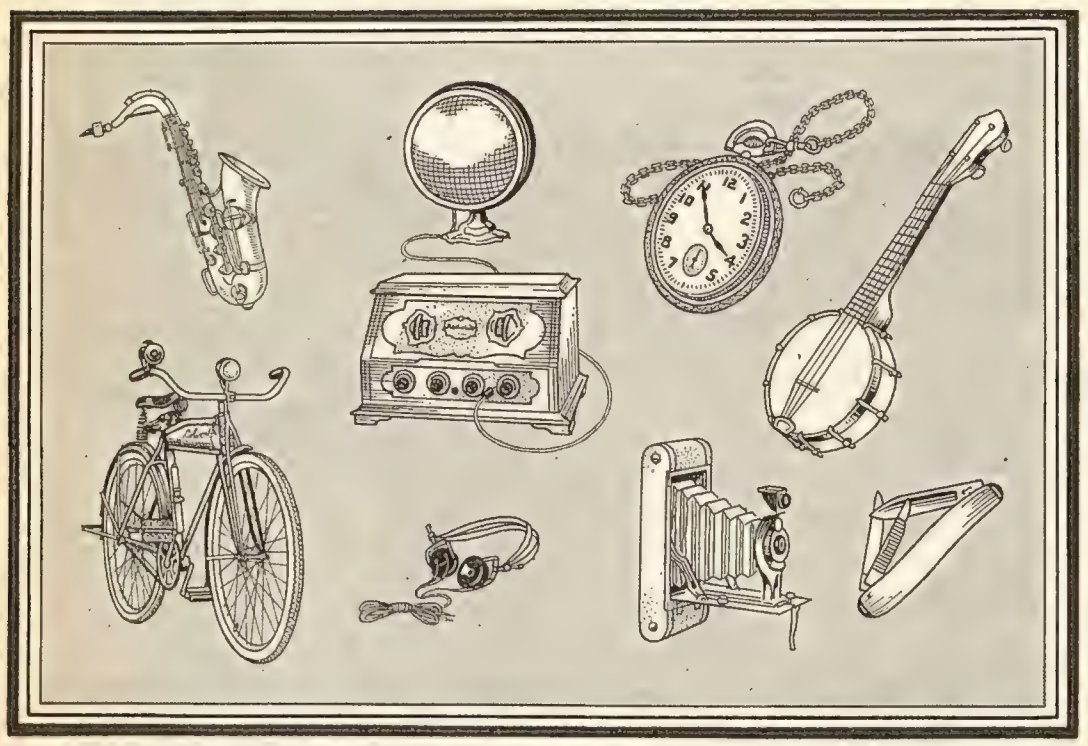

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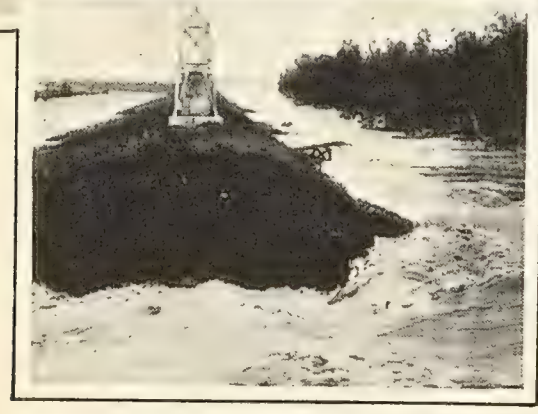


International photo

Flood scenes in Louisiana during Father Mississippi's great rampage of 1927. Above, refugee families on the levee near Hamburg; at left, the levee at Poydras broken with explosives to save New Orleans; and at right, flood waters roaring through the big crevasse at Moreauville.

Bringing Up Father Mississippi

Of Course He Ought to Be Kept in Order— But Try and Do It!

By J. N. Heiskell

Editor of the Arkansas Gazette

THE straight and narrow way is not for the Father of Waters. For long years he has been the object of the most earnest reformatory efforts, and still, as all the neighbors know, Father sometimes comes home full and makes muddy tracks all over the house.

Hundreds of millions have been spent with the purpose of giving him at least as good manners and deportment as a self-polished diamond in the rough should have by the time he has reached the upper brackets of the income tax and married his second wife. And the result of it all is that his guardians have been forced to admit that they have got to strike a compromise and let him keep some of his old habits.

If it's any satisfaction to the folks who last year lost more than $200,000,000 by its floods, the Mississippi is the "world's greatest river." (Major General Edgar Jadwin, chief of army engineers, speaking.) It "combines size with usefulness, and is one of the grandest and most valuable assets of the United States." Its maximum flow is 2,000,000 cubic feet per second. (Fortunately for Uncle Sam's treasury surplus, it isn't on a meter.) It drains 1,240,000 square miles, or 41 per cent of continental United States, but at times there is considerable complaint about the service.

One thing mark well. Although Louisiana is the last territory touched by the Mississippi the people down there will tell you that of the gentle rain which falleth within their boundaries less than 1 per cent flows into the Mississippi, all the rest reaching the gulf through smaller rivers, bayous, and creeks. A funny old bird, in the fluvial aspect, is the Pelican state. And so when she sees thousands of square miles of her own fair domain drowned out by the great national storm sewer, to which she is hardly at all beholden for drainage, it gets her goat.

There have always been those who have fondly talked of making the Father of Waters follow the straight path, instead of twisting and turning in horseshoe curves. Cut across the necks of land, say the straight sect, and let the floods get out of the way. But the old man is not to be beguiled with necking. It is true that cutting across the bends would increase the slope of the river and make the water rush away faster. This plan was tried long ago on the river Theiss in Hungary. Flood heights were lowered at the upper end of the section that had been straightened, only to be increased farther down, and in one flood the town of Szegedin was destroyed. It might be fine for the folks upstream to put the skids under the Mississippi, but down toward its southern end the rushing river would do some frightful szegedining.

P. & A. photo

A New Orleans street after heavy rains in January, 1927.

And besides, if you ever got the Father of Waters to go straight he would soon be crooked again. After he had hit up his speed he would cut into his banks and the first thing you knew he would be meandering across country and automatically applying emergency brakes with new bends.

Before the white man began to realtor in the Mississippi valley the big river could spread its floods for fifty miles beyond its channel. But farms were cleared and homes and railroads and highways built within that area of rich and productive land. Great earthen ramparts were raised to wall off the waters that annually set out to see America first. Old Man Mississippi used to have plenty of good loafing places, but Progress gave him the bum's rush. Bigger and better levees was the platform in the valley and at last all his former stopping places were marked Don't Park Here.

In 1927 he forcibly took possession of a lot of good new ones. Then it was that General Jadwin put into one short sentence the impressive lesson learned from national and local efforts to control the great river with levees:

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[BRINGING UP FATHER MISSISSIPPI]
Continued from page thirty-three

"Man must not try to restrict the Mississippi River too much in extreme floods."

The straitjacket had been tried and it couldn't hold the old man. In 1927 Father Mississippi and most of his tributaries ganged on the valley. They did a record business in carrying water south, with unprecedented congestion of aqueous traffic. Moisture from the Gulf of Mexico just kept on taking the circle tour—up the valley by air and back home by the river route. United States Weather Bureau records show that from December, 1926, to April, 1927, inclusive, the departure from normal rainfall in the Ohio valley was plus 6.75 inches; in the lower Missouri valley plus 3.72 inches; in the Arkansas and White River valleys plus 11.8; in the Red River valley plus 14.36; and in the Mississippi's own bailiwick plus 6.30.

AFTER that 1927 performance it was figured that to hold the greatest predicted flood and leave a five-foot freeboard, the levees, whose average height is now about eighteen feet, would have to be raised twelve feet at Cairo, nineteen feet at Arkansas City, twelve feet at Angola, Louisiana, and six feet at New Orleans. (Price: $566,500,000.) But General Jadwin says the levees are now about as high as they should be; and to increase their heights so much would increase tremendously the hazard from possible crevasses and involve numerous foundation difficulties.

Many a levee has failed, not because the levee itself was not sufficient unto its job, but because the ground on which it stood was cut away by the gnawing current of the river. Mississippi experts can catalogue more kinds of bank failures than a national bank examiner. What the average citizen might lump as caving banks are officially differentiated as eroding banks, slumping banks, sinking banks, and sliding or slipping banks. And these bank failures continually occur.

The Mississippi's banks are usually formed of recent alluvial deposits, and measures are needed for the guarantee of bank deposits. Hence we find, as one of the fundamental provisions of the Jadwin plan, the "progressive revetment of caving banks to protect the foundation of the levees and to stabilize the river, both for flood control and for navigation." A river bank is revetted with a "mattress" made of brush, tied together with wire, and weighted down with stone or with concrete slabs joined together with wire.

Where the flood waters come from. The Mississippi and its tributaries drain a vast area.

The material eroded by the river may pile up, as it moves downstream, to form new bars or increase the height of existing ones, and ultimately build up accretions or reach the gulf, where it is gradually lengthening the Mississippi. The average quantity of sediment carried to the gulf during a year has been estimated to equal a volume one mile square and 268 feet high.

The Mississippi River Commission says that no system of flood control or navigation improvement work in or along the river can be effective or secure without stabilization of the banks; and unless the caving is curbed levees will continue to be undermined and lost, and dredging to provide navigable depth over bars must continue on a large scale.

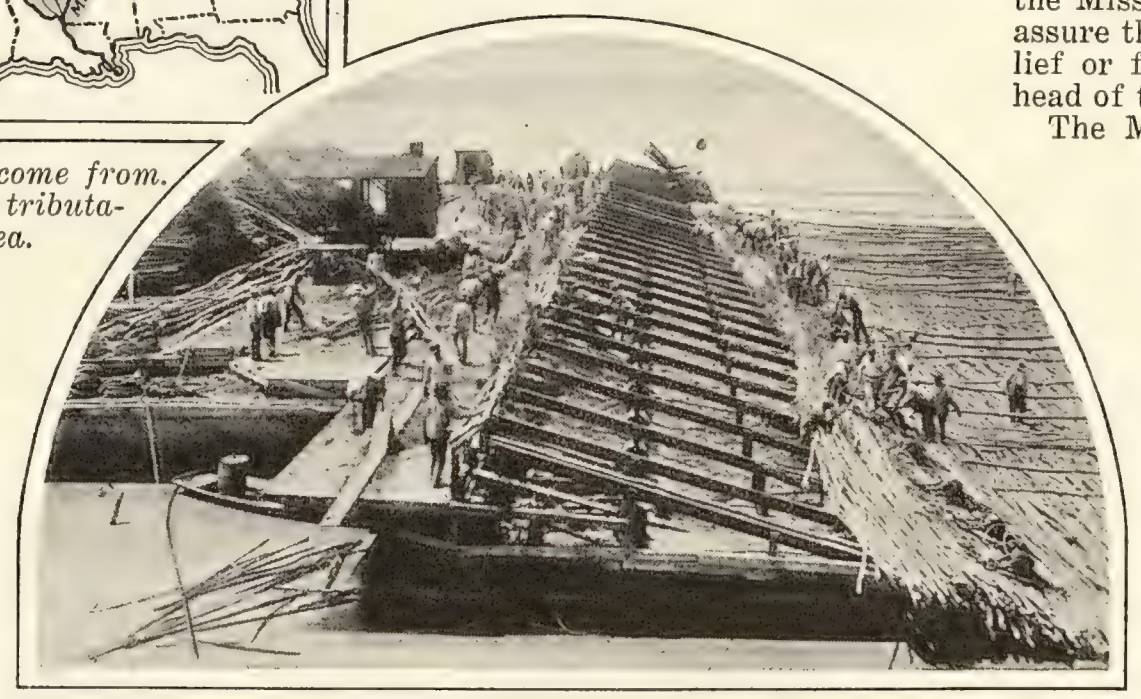
Levees and spillways bulk larger in the popular view, but of the total of $325,000,000 authorized under the Jadwin plan for the flood control project, $110,000,000 is set aside for channel stabilization. It will be seen that protection of the river banks is necessary not only to furnish a secure foundation for levees, but to improve the channel for navigation.

What happens when a levee gives way before a sea of water that floods have piled up against it?

In the rich Delta country of the state of Mississippi an English syndicate's 40,000 acres of fine cotton land spread out behind the levee. The flood in the big stream, reinforced by the tremendous tides brought down by the Arkansas and the White, burst through the protecting embankment for a distance of half a mile. The mighty torrent that poured into the break cut a channel through the plantation for more than a mile, ruined for cultivation 5,000 acres of land by depositing sand upon it, and left a lake more than 100 feet deep—a "blue hole," in the alluvial language, for with the settling of the sediment there remains a body of crystal water.

A peculiar trouble afflicts levees. Ask Job. He knows. Boils. Sand boils, they are called. When a river rises against a levee, the pressure may force water under it and make it boil up out of the ground behind the rampart. The countermeasure is to surround the gushing water with sandbags. The flow will cease when the water rises high enough in this well of sandbags to equalize the pressure from the river. The water may, however, be allowed to flow over the top of the well as long as it is clear. A muddy stream from a sand boil is a danger signal.

During the great flood of last year two sand boils of alarming size developed behind an Arkansas River levee. They were "ringed" to a height of seven and one-half feet. Then a great circle of sandbags was built around the first rings, but as the water continued to come out of the ground, in a stream nearly two feet in diameter, a semicircle of bags, with its ends resting against the levee, was raised to inclose the first ring and some fifty small boils that had developed.



Revetting the levee at Polks Landing, Mississippi, by weaving and weighting down a protective "mattress" of pliant poles.

At another point on the Arkansas a mighty struggle, waged to hold the levee, was lost when a great stream of muddy water boiled out. It was only minutes after the workers had been ordered from the scene that the levee began to go.

Water pouring through the crevasse struck a big plantation store three-eighths of a mile distant, and washed it away, leaving a deep crater where it had stood. The torrent swept through a street of oaks, cypress, and pecans and spent its fury upon the homes of the Negroes, many of these cabins being the remains of antebellum quarters. The old colonial mansion, three-fourths of a mile away, and built eight feet above the ground, survived the onslaught. The plantation where all this destruction was wrought is the property of Frank O. Lowden, whose name you may have seen in the papers.

Since the Mississippi can't be made to follow either the straight or the narrow way it must, in the words of General Jadwin, have the room it needs; and it must be allowed to widen. The 1927 flood rose to 60.5 feet on the Arkansas City gauge and it is estimated that if no crevasses had occurred the height would have been sixty-nine feet. To hold that flood, and leave a proper freeboard, would require a levee twelve feet higher than the present embankment, which withstood a 60.5 stage of the river; and even then a flood might come with a stage of more than seventy-four feet. Here is the Jadwin plan, reading from north to south:

FROM Cape Girardeau, Missouri, where the alluvial valley begins, to Cairo, somewhat bigger levees.

From Cairo, where the Ohio joins the Mississippi, to New Madrid, lower the levee five feet and build a parallel levee far enough back to lower the water by six feet at Cairo in an extreme flood. The land between the old and the new levees would be a floodway. It could be cultivated except at time of unusual floods.

From New Madrid to the mouth of the Arkansas, raise the levees moderately and set them back at points where there are now bottlenecks.

From the Arkansas to the Red, raise the levees three feet and, to take care of excess water, provide a floodway with guide levees on either side, down the Boeuf River in Louisiana, with the entrance closed by a "safety plug" section of levee at Cypress Creek, near the mouth of the Arkansas, which would open when a Mississippi flood reached a certain stage, letting the water reach the Red River through the Ouachita and the Tensas.

Below the Red River, set back the levees at critical points, but to furnish proper protection, especially for New Orleans, provide a controlled spillway at Bonnet Carre, on the east side of the Mississippi, to discharge excess water into Lake Pontchartrain. Divert excess flood waters down the Atchafalaya, where a floodway would be created, the main levees on the Mississippi being raised to assure their safety until the relief or fuse plug levees at the head of the floodway opened.

The Mississippi River Commission, created by Congress in 1879, adopted a standard grade and section for levees in 1914, based upon the 1912 flood "confined," which was believed to have been the greatest flood up to that time. Before the levee system had been brought up to the 1914 standard the flood of 1927 forced a new deal. Up to the time of that monster inundation, the Mississippi River Commission was satisfied that levees could hold the floods. Now, however, the commission recommends auxiliary outlets, as General Jadwin does.

The Jones-Reid flood control act adopted the Jadwin plan, but provided that a board, to consist of the chief of army engineers (General Jadwin), the president of the Mississippi River Commission, and an engineer to be named by President Coolidge from civil life, should consider the differences that exist be-

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE THIRTY-SIX]

"I smoke a Lucky instead of eating sweets."

Grace M. Hay Drummond Hay

Lady Grace Drummond Hay,
only female passenger
on the Graf Zeppelin.

Lady Grace Drummond Hay,
first woman to fly the Atlantic from Europe to the United States.

Reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet.

"The fact that we were not permitted to smoke from the time the Graf Zeppelin left Friedrichshafen until we landed at Lakehurst only increased my appetite for a Lucky Strike. Oh, how good that first one tasted! I'm really keen for Lucky Strike—the toasted flavor is delightful. I smoke a Lucky instead of eating sweets—that's what many men have been doing for years. I think it high time we women smoked Luckies and kept our figures trim."

The modern common sense way—reach for a Lucky instead of a fattening sweet. Thousands are doing it—men keep healthy and fit, women retain a trim figure.

Lucky Strike, the finest tobaccos, skilfully blended, then toasted to develop a flavor which is a delightful alternative for that craving for sweets.

Toasting frees Lucky Strike from impurities. 20,679 physicians recognize this when they say Luckies are less irritating than other cigarettes. Athletes, who must keep fit, testify that Luckies do not harm their wind nor physical condition. That's why Luckies have always been the favorite of those men who want to keep in tip-top shape and realize the danger of overweight. That's why folks say: "It's good to smoke Luckies."

Fattening sweets? No! Say "No" and reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet.

"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation—No Cough.

© 1928, The American Tobacco Co., Manufacturers

Burroughs
Electric
CALCULATOR
$300
Delivered
U.S.A.

Ask
the
Operator
BURROUGHS ADDING MACHINE COMPANY
DETROIT, MICH.

[BRINGING UP FATHER MISSISSIPPI]
Continued from page thirty-four

tween the Jadwin plan and the River Commission plan and then check the matter up to the White House. Colonel Thomas H. Jackson, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., has been appointed president of the River Commission, with the rank of brigadier general, in succession to the late Colonel Charles L. Potter. As the third member of the board Mr. Coolidge named Carleton W. Sturtevant, who has played the engineering game with rivers all the way from the Magdalena in Colombia to the St. Lawrence and has learned by long experience a lot about the Mississippi itself.

A sand boil, due to flood pressure, cured by building up a sandbag well.

The Jadwin and the River Commission plans differed in their proposed uses of levees and floodway outlets. The Cypress Creek-Boeuf River floodway, designed to relieve the main stream at time of excessive high water, was included in both plans, but the devices recommended for letting water into the floodway were radically different. Under the Jadwin plan the levee at the head of the floodway would, for a distance of thirty miles, be made lower and weaker than the standard in order that the Mississippi, when carrying an extraordinary flood, might break through it and thus find an additional outlet. The River Commission proposed to set steel gates in concrete at the entrance of the floodway. These would have been opened as conditions demanded.

There are arguments for each one of these outlet plans, but the board has decided against the spillway that could be regulated with prunes and prisms precision, and adopted the one which, when the pressure gets strong enough, will simply go blooey!

In addition to the Bonnet Carre spillway the River Commission recommended such an emergency outlet at Caernarvon, below New Orleans, where the levee was breached for the protection of the city during the 1927 flood. General Jadwin would in effect widen the Mississippi by five miles between Cairo and New Madrid during an excessive flood while the River Commission proposed stronger levees for flood control on this part of the river.

Uncle Sam has slated $325,000,000 for control of the Mississippi and certain parts of the main tributaries. A half billion may be needed before the job is done. The installment plan will be used, with spaced payments of perhaps $40,000,000 a year. But a flood problem remains in the big streams that pour their swollen tides into the Mississippi. The flood control act sets aside $10,000,000 for levees on tributaries from Rock Island, Illinois, south, as far as the backwater of the Mississippi extends up such streams, the states or the levee districts to pay one-third of the cost. And $5,000,000 is provided for surveys to determine the best means for control of the Ohio, the Illinois, the Missouri, the Red, the Arkansas, the White, the St. Francis, the Yazoo, and their tributaries.

Many of these great streams are poorly off for flood control, but they have a rich uncle at Washington and they hope he is going to do something for them.

There are fondly nurtured and unkillable schemes which, as often as the Mississippi goes on one of these glorious old rampages, come floating out like driftwood. For example, proposals have been made to build impounding dams on tributaries.

But the engineers have damned these proposals with faint praise and dammed little else.

THE END

Bright Sayings *of* Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the Bright Sayings Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

The Futuristic Influence

The teacher requested that the children draw a picture of anything they wished and when she called their names they could tell the story of their pictures.

Helen was apparently not in the mood and so deliberately took her pencil and scribbled all over the paper. The teacher pretended not to notice, planning at the same time to call upon the child unawares. When she did, Helen, though startled, was equal to the occasion. With only a moment's hesitation, she arose and said:

"Well, there was a terrible storm last night. It blew down all the telephone wires. See what a mess it made."—Mrs. George T. Mager, 63 Columbia Place, Mount Vernon, N. Y.

* * *

This Feminine World

Robert's playmate, Emma Lou, was the proud possessor of a mama doll. One day, when Emma Lou left Robert in charge of the doll for a few minutes, his mother observed him lay the doll across his knee and administer a spanking with the admonition, "Now, you say daddy sometime!"—Mrs. W. R. Mood, 1103 Main St., Georgetown, Texas.

Fashion Forecasts *from the* Sunny South

By Bettina Bedwell

Paris, December 3.

NOW that the New Year has been sighted and a safe landing—as punctual as the famous one of Lindbergh—is assured, it is time to consider the changes that are going to arrive in the company of 1929.

When the claxons and bells and all the rest of the welcoming racket tell us that the New Year is in our midst, they will announce at the same moment the arrival of new modes. Not that we shall immediately bury the old. We will keep the clothes that we have for a few months, out of respect for the dead, but our interests and enthusiasms will be with the new.

Those people who go south at this time, whether it be to Palm Beach, the Riviera, or Egypt, will lay away their old garments and will step out in the new. What they wear now, under friendly southern skies, is what we will wear a little later when winter has been finally, officially, and actually interred.

So, whether we weather the northern winter or go south, these newborn fashions are vital to us, for to be forewarned of fashion changes is to be forearmed with chic. Clothes, like marriage, should not be made in a minute, and forethought is, without doubt, the price of distinction in dress.

The first and greatest fact about the new styles that come in with the New Year is their insistence on the importance of the material side of clothes. I am speaking at this time of daytime costumes. The evening will come later.

A perfect dress, ensemble, or kitchen apron becomes, in its divine appropriateness, a spiritual and spirited thing, but it is this because of a perfection of the material matters of dress. At least this season.

Simplicity and complete lack of pretension are the outstanding qualities of the materials from which these first spring fashions are made. Some sturdy old favorites are coming back with the New Year, and there are new fabrics.

A novel material that comes back to us in the shape of simple tailored dresses is necktie silk. There is going to be a shortage of cravats for the boy friends, because the silks which they have so long used exclusively will go to make up dresses for mama.

And this isn't the only raid that Paris has made on masculine materials. Chemisier silk—or shirting silk—is used to make many smart one-piece dresses. Men's knit sweaters are all the vogue for women, and the cloth that is used in Africa to make the robes of the sheik has been dyed in bright colors and brought up to Paris to make sports suits and beach pajamas.

In addition to these, there are simple ladylike materials like shantung, tuslikasha, tussah, and crêpe, which will be very smart, as will ondamoussa, a beautiful Rodier wool crêpe, wool faille, and gingham-checked wool and silk materials.

As to cut, the simple daytime clothes, which may or may not be called sports, have revived another fashion of not so long ago. This is the fashion for bare arms.

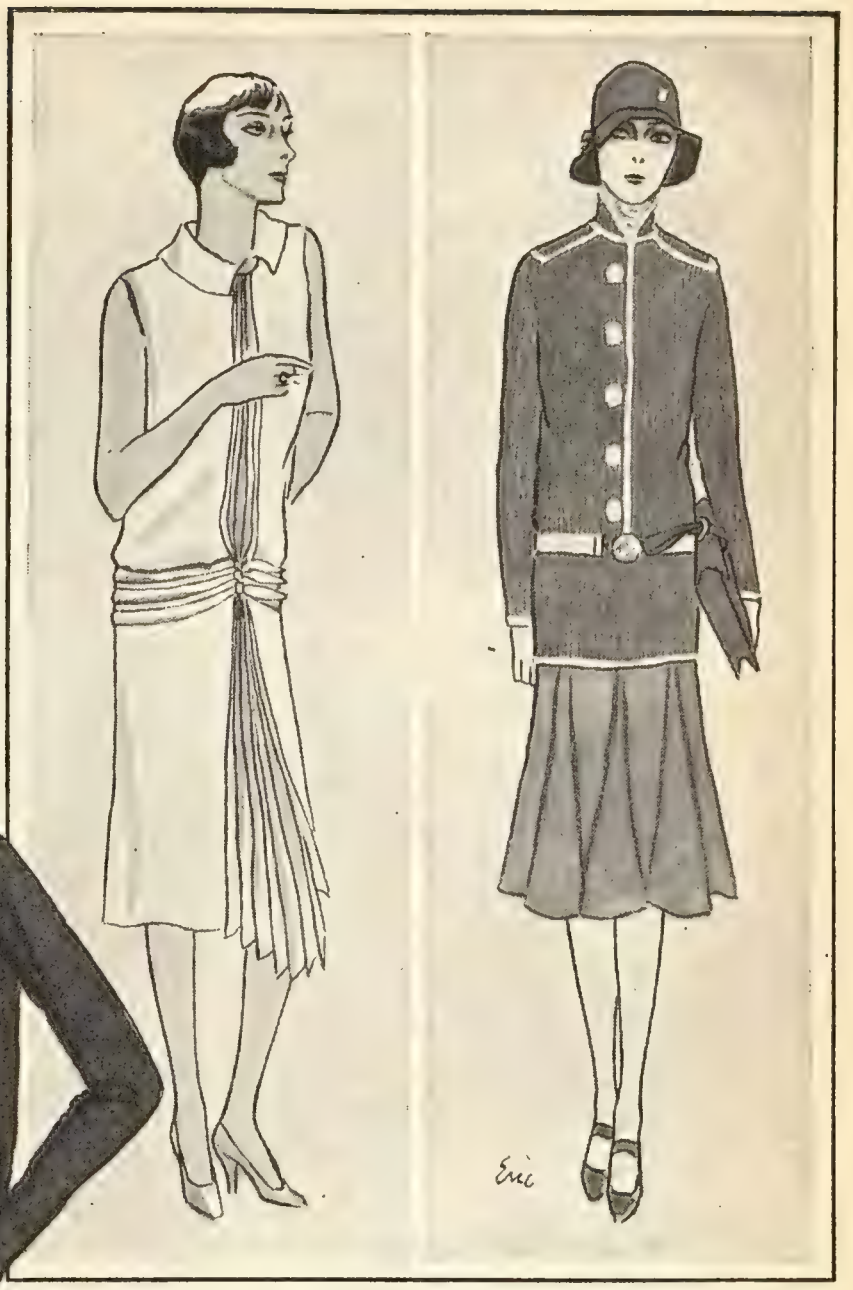
What is the use of working so hard to acquire a beautiful golden tan and then hiding it under long sleeves? Bare arms were all the mode at Biarritz last season, and Paris is disposed to let us show our arms in the daytime this spring.

Other daytime lines will be simple, slender, and devoid of the dripping drapery which was shown so much last season.

The simple sleeveless sports dress cut along the new lines, in white shirting silk, is from Jane Regny.

This dress obeys the smart request, "Please omit sleeves," and gains chic thereby.

The collar is slightly askew, being attached by a buttoned band at the left side front, and a set-in strip of accordion plaiting makes the waist blousy. The girdle, made of three stitched-down bands ending in little tabs, carries on that most becoming of lines—the fitted hipline, while the straight skirt is flared with a godet, which is accordion plaited.



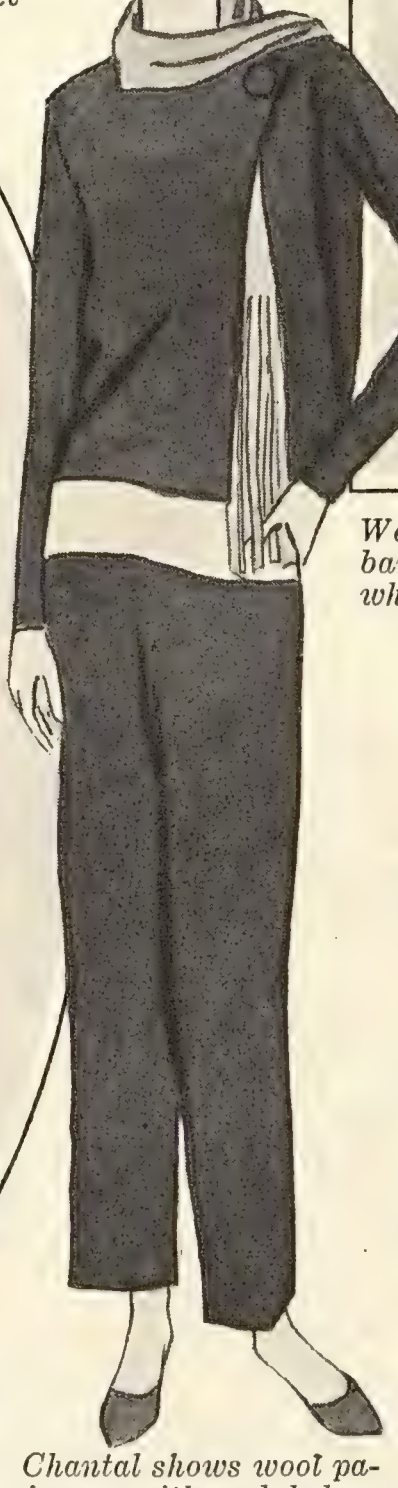
We shall wear our arms bare, as shown by this white silk sports dress from Jane Regny.

Buttons, bands, and epaulets in white are knitted into the red wool sweater. The skirt is brown wool.

THE sketch at the right of it shows a brand-new sweater, knitted just like a man's and with the spirit of a military jacket. Jane Regny has knitted the epaulets, the buttons, and bands into the sweater in white. The sweater proper is bright red, and the skirt, with three godets in front, is brown. The belt is white patent leather with a steel buckle.

While the silhouette lines are straight, the details make this the most novel of sports suits to come out of Paris for spring.

Lelong makes this suit of almond-green sheik's cloth. The collar is in one with the jacket.



Chantal shows wool pajamas with red bolero and trousers, yellow tricot sweater, and green shantung scarf.

The suit is in again, both for sports and general wear, and our first model shows one of the smartest of new spring suits. Lucien Lelong calls this suit "Popsy" and makes it of almond-green sheik's cloth, with a very small collar in one with the coat, radiating tucks at the jacket back, pockets at the sides, and a skirt that has a new and very smart movement. This movement is all to the back, in circular godets from a hip yoke, and you will hear more of it later.

Pajamas are flourishing like the green bay tree on the southern beaches, and we illustrate the last word in this very special kind of chic. Chantal, who designed these pajamas, made the trousers and the bolero jacket of dark red sheik's wool material. The jacket of this newest pajama suit is worn over a simple sleeveless sweater of yellow tricot, and a shantung scarf of yellow green is worn around the neck, one end showing at the side front and the other end being flung carelessly over the left shoulder.

Resolve now to—

WATCH LIBERTY IN JANUARY!

JANUARY will be a month full of magazine joy for LIBERTY readers! . . . Three great serial features are scheduled to make their debuts in the month that is noted for slushy thaws and shattered resolutions. . . . M. R. WERNER, brilliant young biographer of interesting Americans—author of "Barnum," "Tammany Hall"—has done a fascinating new biography of one of our most colorful historical figures. . . . EDWARD DOHERTY has written a mystery serial of dark murder and young love against a background of night clubs, dives, jazz singers and Broadway whoopee makers. . . . SIDNEY SUTHERLAND presents an extraordinary series of unsolved real life murder mysteries that will be talked of everywhere. . . . These and a score of shorter but equally interesting features in the January issues. No matter how many good resolutions go by the board, keep this one—

WATCH LIBERTY IN JANUARY!

Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

Feed Fat Away
The Food is in Marmola

It seems queer, but the modern method is to feed away excess fat. The food is a gland substance, taken from cattle and sheep. The amount decided by scientific tests is two grains a day.

The reason is this: Medical research has found that the great cause of excess fat lies in a weakened gland. It is really a disease. No exercise or diet can correct it.

When that gland is under-active, too much food goes to fat. Physicians, the world over in treating obesity, now try to correct that condition.

The main factor is embodied in Marmola prescription tablets. They were perfected in a famous medical laboratory. People have used them for more than 20 years—millions of boxes of them. They have told the results to others. Not only constant loss of weight, but new health and vitality. Thus the use has spread, from year to year, until countless people use this modern method.

You can see the results wherever you look. Slender figures are the rule. Excess fat is now a rarity. Men and women try to look and feel their best.

Try this method for excess fat in any part that makes you look old or abnormal. Watch the fat fade away. Watch the new vigor that comes. You will be amazed and delighted. Don't go on with a weight of fat when so many are getting slender. Start today.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at $1 per box. If your druggist is out, he will get them at once from his jobber.

MARMOLA Prescription Tablets
The Pleasant Way to Reduce

"'Twas *the* Night Before Christmas"

A New FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

FINE snow slanted across the street in dancing diamond dots. The corner lights were spun gold spheres hanging in swirling mist. Each bush and hedge had its own crystal summit. Each window was spiked with icicles and embroidered with frost.

Christmas Eve! That dramatic pause before the great day of days when trimmed trees glisten with tiny lights, wild eyed children act meek as lambs, ribboned holly wreaths grace sitting room windows, and everybody is an acute sufferer from parcel post backache.

This week's cover picture.

"Get out Pop's furnace gloves, dearie," Lil called downstairs to Ma who was candying a dozen apples in the kitchen. "I don't want to get chilblains for Christmas."

"Singing on street corners and hospital steps on a night like this," Ma called back, "is my idea of tomfoolery." She jabbed a squirting spitzenburgh with a pointed skewer and hummed Good King Wenceslaus to keep up her Christmas spirits.

"Do I go high or low on *gathering winter fuel?*" Sandy asked Lil. He reddened his ears slipping into a stiff sports sweater. Then he began to itch.

"Go low, dear," she told him. "We sopranos will sound better. And you'd better just cough in the Merry Merry Woods because you always get that one line wrong."

"The music must be different in my copy," he mumbled.

Clink, clink, clink as the snow tinkled against the windows. Would the streets be dressed in white velvet by morning? Or in *café au lait* slush? Suspense behind every footfall. Secrets behind every door. And behind everybody's ribs that happy quiver which belongs only to Christmas Eve!

"Take plenty of cough drops," Ma warned Lil and Sandy. "The cold air inhaled while singing is terrible for the vocal cords. If you come back with croup what a merry Christmas we'll all enjoy!" And she pulled Sandy's sweater collar up toward the ceiling until it looked like Queen Elizabeth's Sunday go to meeting ruff.

"What fun! Oh, what fun," Lil whispered as she shook snow from the gate latch. "If you only had a red tailed coat and a plug hat—and I had a velvet hoop skirt—wouldn't we feel like Christmas cards?"

"Hurry up and gimme a kiss. Nobody's looking," Sandy told her. "You look like a traffic cop with those gloves."

Cars cast glimmering golden circles of light. Footsteps were muffled. Grocery stores were filled with last minute buyers of fruit and popcorn. Main Street was lined with pushcarts selling garish arrays of plush postals, paper bells, chocolate filled cornucopias, and wreaths.

Lil and Sandy joined the neighborhood waits by the statue of Civic Pride in front of the City Hall. And they wandered off through the streets, waving bug lights, resembling fireflies in a foggy jungle. Open windows were filled with future pneumonia patients whose *tra, la, la, la, la, las* never came in at the proper moment. A gouty Scrooge in a corner gingerbread trim mansion, remembering how his own voice used to crack on the peace of Silent Night, sent out a tray of brimming wineglasses. And the amateur operatics sounded still worse than ever!

"God rest you merry, gentlemen," they sang under the hospital windows of the men's ward. "Let nothing you dismay!"

"Oh, no—oh, no," one gent yelled. He had two broken legs and was staring at a peppermint cane left by a Sunday school teacher.

"'Tis the season to be jolly," they told the victims in the women's ward. "*Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la!*"

"*Tra, la, la?*" one piped up. "An' me wid triplets?"

By 11 o'clock they all had sacrificed their voices. Tenors, basses, and sopranos parted, feeling as winded as squeezed out bagpipes.

"Well, it wouldn't be Christmas without singing on the street," Lil sighed when she raided the icebox for cheese at midnight. "It's just about the only unconventional thing left nowadays it seems, dear."

"That and hanging up stockings," Sandy added. He was making an open fire in the sitting room. "Here's a paper weight for yours, a match box for the baby's, an ash tray for mine, a conk shell for Pop's—"

"Wait, dear!" Lil whispered from the door. "Let's just leave our three stockings until we finish the cheese and crackers!"

"'Twas the Night Before Christmas!"

NOTE—**The suggestion which Leslie Thrasher followed in designing this week's cover picture was made by Miss Eleanor M. Byrne, 3537 Ainslie Street, Philadelphia, Pa. An award of $50 has been sent to Miss Byrne.**

(Next week's cover adventure: Happy New Year)

All *is not* Alimony *that* Glitters

A Story of Love Between the Lines — *By* Leo P. Bott, Jr.

(1)

NILLON J. JONES
ATTORNEY
LOCUST & SCOTT STREETS
MENTOR, N. Y.

May 1, 1928.

Mrs. Elizabeth Smith,
2451 West Capitol,
Dayton, Ill.

Dear Madam:

Enclosed find check for $200 in payment alimony due you this month, from my client, Mr. S. R. Smith.

Yours respectfully,
N. J. Jones

(2)

SMITH, BILLINGSLEY, RAMSEY
Brokers
MENTOR, NEW YORK
Sept. 1, 1928

Mrs. Elizabeth Smith,
2451 West Capitol,
Dayton, Ill.

Dear Madam:

Due to severe illness of my attorney, I am sending you check for $200 in payment of alimony for this month, as per court order.

Yours very truly,
s/m S. R. Smith

(3)

SMITH, BILLINGSLEY, RAMSEY
Brokers
MENTOR, NEW YORK
Oct. 1, 1928

Mrs. Elizabeth Smith,
2451 West Capitol,
Dayton, Ill.

Dear Madam:

Herewith your monthly alimony check of $200.

Yours very truly,
~~Sam Rickson~~ Smith
s/m

Elizabeth:— What did you do with my winter underwear? It's cold as hell here — I can't find them.

(4)

Mr. S. R. Smith,

Dear Sir:—

This acknowledges receipt of your check for $200 for the month of November

Yours Truly,
Elizabeth Smith

Sam:— You'll find your winter underwear in the attic in the small cedar chest

E. T. Smith

Dayton Ill,
Oct. 3, 1928

(5)

SMITH, BILLINGSLEY, RAMSEY
Brokers
MENTOR, NEW YORK
Nov. 1, 1928

Mrs. Elizabeth Smith,
2451 West Capitol,
Dayton, Ill.

Dear Madam:

On account of the death of my attorney, I shall continue to send your checks from this office. Enclosed is November remittance of $200.

Yours very truly,
s/m Sam

Dear Elizabeth— Thanks, found the underwear in cedar chest just as you had put them away. They sure feel good It might interest you to know that Trixie has three pups— Three of the finest terriors you ever saw

S.

(6)

Dear Sam—

Glad you found your underwear. Do be careful and don't take cold.

So Trixie has pups — well now at last you have that family you've wanted so long.

Thanks for check!

Elizabeth—

Sorry to hear of death of your attorney. Why not save that fee, anyway? Send Checks Yourself Elizabeth.

Nov. 3, 1928

(7)

SMITH, BILLINGSLEY, RAMSEY
Brokers
MENTOR, NEW YORK

Nov. 10. 1928

Dear Elizabeth —
Would you like to have one of the pups?

Sam

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[ALL IS NOT ALIMONY THAT GLITTERS]
Continued from page thirty-nine

(8)

Dear Sam—

Yes, I would just love to have one of the pups—It does seem a shame, though, to take it from its mother.

Elizabeth

Dayton, Ill.
Nov. 12, 1928

(9)

SMITH, BILLINGSLEY, RAMSEY
Brokers
MENTOR, NEW YORK

Nov. 25-1928

Dear Elizabeth
Am sending you a pup, It's yours by rights, anyway—your fifty—fifty. Take good care of it else it need its mother

Sam

(10)

SMITH, BILLINGSLEY, RAMSEY
Brokers
MENTOR, NEW YORK

Dec. 1, 1928

Dear Elizabeth

Nan, I'm glad my lawyer died. ☺ Enclosing $250. With the difference buy yourself a Christmas present.

Sam

P.S. Trixie sends love to her son.
S.

(11)

12/3/25

Your Sweet Old Sam:—

You're as thoughtful as ever. Thanks for the Christmas remembrance. I'd lots rather have a gift than the money, so shall buy that wrist watch I've been wanting—remember the one?—and will know you've given it to me. I hope you have a most happy and merry Christmas, too. (Remember last Christmas, at the Lodge?)

Sincerely,
Elizabeth

P.S. "Babe" sends love to her mother and to her master

Special Delivery

DAYTON ILL. DEC 24 8:30 PM 1928

RED CROSS + ROLL CALL -JOIN-

Mr Sam R. Smith

(12)

Dec. 24, 1928

My dear Sam:—

It's Christmas Eve and though I'm invited to a dinner, I can't keep from being blue and wonder if you are as lonesome, tonight, as I am. To think how happy we were last Christmas at the lodge, and how we both wished we had some one to dress a tree for—— Oh!—maybe if we had had a child things would have been different.

There's the door bell—

Sam, dear I wish you the merriest Christmas ever. Think of me a little tomorrow.

Sincerely,
"Betsy Bos"—?

I've mailed you a little gift—what I know you've been wanting.

(13)

SMITH, BILLINGSLEY, RAMSEY
Brokers
MENTOR, NEW YORK

~~Dec 24, 1928~~

~~Dear "Babe"~~
~~Your mother and I are h~~

(14)

SMITH, BILLINGSLEY, RAMSEY
Brokers
MENTOR, NEW YORK

~~Dec 24 1928~~

~~My Dear Elizabeth~~

(15)

SMITH, BILLINGSLEY, RAMSEY
Brokers
MENTOR, NEW YORK

Dec. 24—

~~My Darling~~

(16)

SMITH, BILLINGSLEY, RAMSEY
Brokers
MENTOR, NEW YORK

Dec 24—

~~Dear Sweetheart~~
~~My "Betsy Boo~~
~~Yrs Ygt~~

(17)

SMITH, BILLINGSLEY, RAMSEY
Brokers
MENTOR, NEW YORK

Dec 24. 1928

~~My darling Wife~~ ~~Ex wife~~ —
~~If you only knew~~

(18)

SMITH, BILLINGSLEY, RAMSEY
Brokers
MENTOR, NEW YORK

Darling—
~~Dearest~~

"Twas the night before Christmas
and all through our house
Not a creature was stirring
Not even a mouse

(19)

CLASS OF SERVICE
This is a full-rate Telegram or Cablegram unless its deferred character is indicated by a suitable sign above or preceding the address.

WESTERN UNION

NEWCOMB CARLTON, PRESIDENT J. C. WILLEVER, FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

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Received at

48M ER 8

TD MENTOR N Y 915A DECEMBER 25 1928

MRS ELIZABETH SMITH
2451 WEST CAPITOL
DAYTON ILLINOIS

ELIZABETH WILL YOU TAKE NOON TRAIN TO CHICAGO STOP EAT CHRISTMAS DINNER WITH ME STOP WIRE IMMEDIATELY STOP PLEASE COME DEAR

SAM 1005A

(20)

CLASS OF SERVICE
This is a full-rate Telegram or Cablegram unless its deferred character is indicated by a suitable sign above or preceding the address.

WESTERN UNION

NEWCOMB CARLTON, PRESIDENT J. C. WILLEVER, FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

The filing time as shown in the date line on full-rate telegrams and day letters, and the time of receipt at destination as shown on all messa

Received at

34 AD 4

RP DAYTON ILL 1030A DECEMBER 25 1928

MR S R SMITH
SMITH BILLINGSLEY RAMSEY
MENTOR NEW YORK

WILL MEET YOU STOP ARRIVE UNION STATION TWELVE FIVE STOP

MEET ME SURE LOVE

ELIZABETH 1125A

(21)

Marriage Licenses.

December 26

SMITH, Mrs. ELIZABETH, 27 years old, of Dayton, Illinois, and Samuel Smith, 29 years old, of Mentor, N. Y.

THE END

Mincemeat stuffing for baked apples provides a pleasant variation.

A Festive Yet Simple Dinner

By Ethel Somers

A spinach border makes a pleasing garnish for the cauliflower.

COMPANY dinners during the holiday season are popular. But this is a time when the hostess is more than commonly rushed with many activities, often leaving scant time for the preparation of meals. She does not dare to venture into new fields of cookery lest the preparation be puzzling and add to her anxiety. To aid her in a happy solution we offer herein a menu of everyday foods in a rather different combination.

Good cooking is half the trick of success, and ease in serving is the other half. Anyone who can prepare palatable veal cutlet or breast of veal can as easily manage the tempting veal birds given herewith. They are in reality an old combination guised in a different form. The vegetable service is served on one dish, using the spinach as a border to whole cauliflower. This helps to achieve the company atmosphere effect. Stuffed celery temptingly garnishes the bread and butter plates and simplifies the dinner by displacing the salad. Mincemeat stuffed apples are a healthful substitute for the timely mince pie, particularly if accompanied by a fruity sauce. Serve the cheese apples with toasted split crackers and demitasse.

DINNER MENU

(For six)

Soup with Croutons

Stuffed Veal Birds Gravy

Creamed Potatoes

Browned Cauliflower Spinach Border

Stuffed Celery

Date Muffins Butter

Stuffed Baked Apples

Cheese Apples Toasted Split Crackers Coffee

Besides tying up the veal, the salt pork bastes it bountifully.

Stuffed Veal Birds

1 pound veal steak, sliced thin
2 ounces salt pork or bacon
¾ pound sausage meat
1¼ cups chopped apple or pineapple
2 tablespoons flour
1½ cups boiling water

USE either breast of veal or cutlet. Clean the veal with a damp cloth. Cut into 6 oblong pieces, as uniform as possible. Mix the sausage with the fruit. Only tart apples, and ones that cook readily, should be used. Divide the stuffing into as many portions as there are pieces of veal. Wrap the veal around the stuffing and tie into a firm roll with salt pork or bacon cut in shoestring strips. Place on a rack in a roasting pan and set uncovered in a very hot oven (450° F.) for 30 minutes to brown, then reduce the heat to 300° F. Stir the 2 tablespoons of flour into the fat that has collected in the bottom of the roaster and add the boiling water. Cover the roaster tightly and bake at 300° F. for 1½ hours, 275° for 3 hours, or 250° F. for 4 hours.

Veal chops, slit open and stuffed, may be substituted for the cutlet or breast of veal.

Browned Cauliflower

1 medium cauliflower
2 tablespoons melted butter
¼ cup grated cheese, if desired

SCRUB the cauliflower in cold water with a stiff vegetable brush. Leave some of the green stalks at the base for decoration. Soak the cleaned head in cold salt water (½ teaspoon salt to 2 quarts water) for 30 minutes. Then place on a steaming rack over boiling water. Cover and steam from 20 to 25 minutes or until tender. Place on a baking dish. Pour the melted butter over the surface, sprinkle with cheese (if used), and place under a broiler flame, turned high, for 1 or 2 minutes or until delicately browned.

Spinach Border

2 pounds spinach
2½ tablespoons butter
½ teaspoon salt

CUT off the stems while washing the spinach leaves individually, and then let stand in a large quantity of cold water for ½ hour. Lift the clean spinach off the top of the water and place on a steamer rack over boiling water. Steam 5 minutes (short cooking preserves the bright green color). If the spinach stems were not removed the cooking process will have to be continued from 3 to 5 minutes longer. Chop the spinach and mix in the seasoning. Pack solidly in a buttered border mold. Keep hot until ready to serve, at which time place the platter over the mold so that when inverted the border will be in the right position. Remove from the mold by tapping gently. If desired, garnish with pimento, sliced carrot, or hard-cooked egg.

Stuffed Celery

12 individual celery stalks
2 ounces cream cheese or American cheese, grated
Mayonnaise to moisten
1 tablespoon finely minced pimento and 1 tablespoon finely minced green pepper, or
2 tablespoons finely minced stuffed olives
Paprika

ADD enough mayonnaise to the cheese to make a smooth mixture. Add the remaining ingredients, except the paprika. Fill into the hollows of the washed, crisp celery stalks. If the small inner celery stalks are used, the white leaves may be left on. If the stalks are long, cut into good lengths for serving. Sprinkle the filling with a dash of paprika and serve with the crackers of the soup course; or it may be used as a garnish on the bread and butter plate to be eaten with the main course.

Date Muffins

¼ cup butter
¼ cup sugar
1 egg
¾ cup milk
2 cups flour
4 teaspoons baking powder
½ to 1 cup chopped dates

CREAM the butter and gradually work in the sugar. Add the well beaten egg. Mix well and alternately add the milk and sieved dry ingredients, reserving 2 tablespoons of the flour to be scattered over the chopped dates. Beat well for not longer than 1 minute. Lastly fold in the dates, and bake in a hot oven (400° F.) 25 minutes.

Stuffed Baked Apples

6 baking apples, preferably large
⅓ to ⅔ cup sugar, white or brown
1 cup mincemeat
1 tablespoon butter
½ cup water

PEEL the upper half of the washed apples. Remove the core generously, and fill the center of the apple with the creamed butter and sugar. Place with the water in a moderate oven (375° F.) for 45 to 60 minutes. Cover during the first half of the baking. Remove the apples from the oven when they are tender. Fill the cavities with hot mincemeat and serve the baked fruit with either cream or fruit sauce.

Cheese Apples

1 package cream cheese
Paprika
12 whole stem cloves

DIVIDE the cheese into 6 portions and shape into round balls. Roll these balls in paprika which has been sprinkled on waxed paper or a molding board. Dent the top and bottom of the balls to resemble apples. Remove the clove ball from 6 of the stem cloves. Insert these in the base of the cheese apples with the claw showing to represent the blossom end. Insert the other cloves at the top with the stem projecting to represent the stem end of the apple. For a more realistic effect rub the outer surface until the shading of the apple varies from orange to red.

RECIPES for flavoring sauces you may serve on the stuffed baked apples included in the menu on this page may be found in 100 Standard Recipes, one of the three cookbooks Ethel Somers has compiled for LIBERTY readers. In it you also will find how to prepare the cream sauce suggested for creamed potatoes, the recipe for the potatoes being in LIBERTY'S Menu Book of Hot Weather Recipes. A variety of muffin recipes, by the way, may be obtained in either of these cookbooks, and if an accompanying salad is desired see LIBERTY'S Salads, Sandwiches, and Summer Drinks. Get these cookbooks. Each one is 10 cents; but you may have all three for only 25 cents. Send for them today, and use the coupon, please.

LIBERTY COOKBOOKS,
P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of ☐ 100 Standard Recipes, 10¢.
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12-29-28

Vital Beauty

By Eileen Bourne

In spite of those who view ominously the eager beauty pursuit of the present-day femme, it is a debatable question if at any period in history there has been so high an average of female pulchritude.

For every Grecian maid of perfect physical proportions it's a safe wager that there could be produced five, ten, yes, twenty fine young American physical specimens. For every Roman matron of grace, brain, beauty, and charm we could likewise produce highly comparable if not overshadowing perfections and in greater number.

Returned recently from a sojourn in the middle western states, I am reconvinced that there is no one locality where the rites of beauty are practiced more assiduously than in another. Women the American world over know thoroughly the advantages of a well groomed head, well cared for hands, of figures nourished on well regulated diets, of a skilled hand in cosmetic application, of color and becomingness of dress, and taste in the purely feminine lures of jewels and perfumes.

Of course, we have our extremists to whom curves are anathema, and others who appear content to wallow in their avoirdupois. We have our vulgarians in dress, make-up, and bejeweled froufrous. Nevertheless, the average of good silhouette, good grooming, and of general smartness is extraordinarily high, in the opinion of this scribe at least, and it might be added that, from long years of training, she looks them all over with a mean and scurrilous eye.

It's a common experience today to go back among old associates wondering what the intervening years have done to the class beauty, and to find not only her blooming, but her less bountifully endowed sisters looking better and younger than when last seen.

All of which highly competitive effort creates a demand for new beauty descriptives. A pretty face, a perfect complexion, good teeth, a smart figure, and so on, are no longer satisfactory to a beauty summary. Too many contestants in the general summarizing.

So, out of the immediate need, there is appropriated a word that formerly served as a straight health reflection. That word is *vital*. In its adaptation to its present need, it means all the health requisites that contribute to bodily perfections, and, in addition, a wide-awake mind, enthusiasm, happiness, and a refined version of that well known quality—pep. Good looks plus is the order of the day. The plus is to be vital.

Up to a certain point you may be helped to achieve this beauty vitality. Out of bottles and jars, exercises and diets, hair tonics, if needed, complexion beautifiers, if necessary, may come first aids. Physical shortcomings must first be attended to.

But in the pursuit of one physical perfection—a good silhouette—a warning must be inserted here against too rigid dieting, for where there is malnutrition there is none of the vital spark of which we write. Healthy you must look and be.

As Marian Claire, beautiful new star of the Chicago Civic Opera, says, "Presently a woman will not dare show herself if she is suffering from a cold, since she will be expected to know that this common affliction is due to some neglected health rule for which there is no acceptable apology."

AFTER the vitality the body furnishes comes the vital mind. Feeding the mind daily with ten commandment bromides against worry, senseless fears, and complexes of one kind and another isn't the up-to-date training course for it. Rather, it has to be directed into useful channels so there is little time for fears and worries. Only you can work out for yourself a course of mental procedure that will bring you the greatest mental satisfaction. A drone you cannot be. A bore you must not be. To be vital, you must be interesting and interested.

There is another most important ingredient to go into the recipe for vital beauty. It is fun. Levity in reasonable quantity. Gayety in nice healthy doses. A lightness in your attitude toward life as opposed to the seriousness with which it is so often met and stamped upon the face. Don't overlook this salt ingredient, because it is the one that furnishes the alert step, the enthusiasm, and the pep of modern demand.

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, Liberty Weekly, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page Liberty Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

LIBERTY'S Beauty Book,
247 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please send me, for the inclosed 10 cents, a copy of Liberty's Book of Youth and Beauty by Eileen Bourne.

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The air cushion made by the Thermo-Nubs protects the skin against burning.

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It makes no difference how hot the water you put into Non-Burn, the "Hotter" Water Bottle, you are never in danger of burning the skin. Simply apply the studded surface to the afflicted part of the body and enjoy the soothing sensation of heat at work. Even with boiling water, it is unnecessary to wrap Non-Burn in a cloth for protection. It will not burn, regardless of the heat within the bottle.

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Non-Burn (patents pending) costs no more than any good quality bottle and is in keeping with the high standard of the full drug sundry line of Seiberling Latex Products. The "Non-Burn Hospital" bottle, as distinguished from the regular Non-Burn, is made with Thermo-Nubs on both sides for invalids and hospital uses.

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NON-BURN
THE HOTTER WATER BOTTLE

The Last of KENO CANNON

A Story of Love and a Strange Adventure

(In Four Parts)

By

LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

Pictures by KENNETH CAMP

KENO CANNON was a gambler-bandit. In California, in the days of the vigilantes, he went his terrorizing way, then disappeared.

David Barry felt himself identified with this villain of old. Barry was a film star—an actor-director, working on the production of The Last of Keno Cannon. Dressed like the pictures of Cannon, he started to tramp over the actual parched trails the bandit had roamed.

Barry, disgruntled, was in search of a good location. He hated the blond wig Ike Moritz had wished on Molly McGlynn, heroine of the picture. He hated the creaking scenario. He had aired his views to Jimmy Shayne, assistant director, and to the author, Homer Liveright. No good. Ike watched every nickel.

Gloomily exploring, Barry lost his way, climbed a cañon wall, slipped, and crashed down. He lay insensible for a time, then came to and started a mad search for water, digging with bare hands. At last water flowed and Barry drank. Then thought floated away.

When it returned his head was pillowed on a girl's knees and within the range of his vision was a perfect village of the '60s. The girl wore a Quaker costume and her words were Quaker speech. She let fall the name of the terrible Luke Pettigrew. Luke had been the historic Keno Cannon's deadly enemy.

Barry thought: Here's a village built by a rival company with real money to spend and an actress who won't drop her rôle.

Ironically he introduced himself as Keno Cannon. Filled with terror, apparently, she fled.

Later he saw her in her home. No fake, that house, nor was her grandfather, Anthony, a fake. David gave his real name and heard the old man's story of land wrested from him by "men of evil"—listened till the aged head drooped in slumber.

PART THREE

TURNING, finger to lip, the girl took Barry out with a beckoning glance, to round on him in a kitchen as immaculate and orderly as the sitting room, stored as richly with homely treasures which had crossed the plains in covered wagons—how long ago!

"Does thee not remember, friend, what says the Word?" No air or grace at his command could earn him ease from her reproach. "*All liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone: which is the second death.* What is thee name? David, or —that other? Nay, for thee soul's sake, this time the truth!"

"Honest and truly," he protested, hangdog, "my name is David Barry."

"Thee has honest eyes," she said, having searched them long and soberly, "even if thee lips do trifle with the peril of falsehoods. David, Anthony did believe thee, wherefore must I; for it is given unto him in his great age to know the secret hearts of men. Why, then, did thee seek to deceive me with the name of that man of evil?"

"Oh, but surely, Patience, you must have known I was joking—"

"Joking?" Delicate brows arched over eyes blank of comprehension. "Was it seemly, then, to jest with that name which can mean naught in my hearing but terror, violence, and death?"

"But, you see, I thought you were playing a game with me—"

"I, David? To what end should I play a game, as thee does say, with a stranger?"

"I can't explain." No use! There was a wall between them, a barrier invisible no word of his nor wit might circumvent. "If you don't understand, Patience, I can't hope to make you. But this at least you know—you must have known: there is no Keno Cannon."

THE girl clapped a hand to her mouth, lest its involuntary vehemence waken the old man in the adjoining room. "No Keno Cannon! Nay, David, this be no time for jesting."

"I'm not . . ." No use! He could hear her speak, could stretch forth a hand and touch

THE lariat with its relentless strain was tugging him swiftly, now on his side, now on his back, toward the fence.

her—still that barrier shut their minds apart like a wall unscalable. "The man is dead—"

"Dead? Then God indeed has not forgotten me! Why did thee not tell me sooner?"

"Do you seriously ask me to believe, Patience, you didn't know?"

"Nay, David, thee is but a stranger in our valley. How should thee understand? There was an enmity between those two, a feud between the man of sin and Keno—"

"Between *whom*—?"

"The man of sin, whom they name Luke Pettigrew, and Keno Cannon."

"No—wait!" Barry crushed his temples with the heels of his hands. "I don't get this."

"Thee must let me tell thee, David . . . if thee sufferings today have not left thee too ill to hear me."

"I wonder!" Barry released his head and did his best to recompose his countenance. "No, please go on; I want to hear . . ."

"If thee were less a stranger to these parts, thee would know Luke Pettigrew has sworn to have me for his wife as soon as ever it shall please God to take my grandfather; having no stomach to brave God's wrath, which all hereabouts do believe Anthony has power to call down to blast whomsoever shall venture to molest him or his."

"So far, good," Barry said, gravely nodding. But which of them was mad? The plot was thickening very nicely. Perhaps if one heard more one might pick up a clue. . . . "And very interesting, I'm sure. Forgive the interruption."

"Thee did not offend me, David. . . . The tale of that vow being carried to Keno Cannon, he on his part did swear to be beforehand with the man of sin and steal me away from under his protection within the fortnight, 'grandfather or no grandfather'; such were his words—that all might know Luke Pettigrew to be a coward and a weakling who walks in dread of shadows.

"Whereupon Pettigrew did set the men of evil who are his familiars to watch every way into the valley and slay Keno Cannon when he came to make his vow good. And I, when thee did name theeself with his name—"

"Oh, don't apologize. I quite understand, now you've explained. It's as clear—as clear as mud. And most ingenious."

He was trying to laugh but couldn't. And this intolerably worried the poor devil, that he should be finding such mummery so tragic. To think of the hours he had frittered away to no purpose, racking his brains for a twist to give that apology for a continuity the scenario mill had wished on him and lift the deadly curse of sameness from it!

And here life was playing everything he had needed into his hands, and he was ungrateful, he was bothered; even a little frightened rather than happy. It was all too real.

And why did he hold it so? Why, because he couldn't look into those serious sweet eyes and deny their desperate sincerity; couldn't listen to that voice of magic music and remain unmoved by its passionate quiet earnestness; because this girl so surely believed and, what was worse, was making him believe, that every word she uttered was truth unwarped, unvarnished; because he wasn't the audience and the critical one he should have been for this *masque macabre*—he was an actor in it, in his very person living it out in this bedlam of a valley—living it because this exquisite pensive witch was willing he should live it.

"DAVID! Why does thee look at me so strangely?"

For a thought he had the fancy that the girl's voice cried to him from a great distance. But no: he saw her there before him.

"I'm sorry," he mumbled, trying to pull himself together. "I guess I'm not . . ." He looked round to make sure of the door. "If it's all the same to you, I guess maybe I'd better go."

"And leave me!"

He reared back in a stare.

"Why—why not?"

"But a little while ago, David, I did find thee lost and perishing of thirst," the girl ruefully reminded, "and turned not from thee but did lead thee to a sheltered place and minister unto thee; neither left thee till thee was whole and sane once more.

"Tonight thee finds me here, alone with my poor grandfather, helpless in a ring of human wolves, naught but the fear their own hearts have conceived safeguarding me. And thee would turn from me and leave me in this, my extremity—thee in whom I did think I had found a brave man and a good one, such as my life here has never known. David! I do need thee. Is it in thee heart to forsake me now?"

"What good can I do if I stay?"

He felt his resolution giving, and in a flash of panic premonition knew himself lost beyond any salvage should he yield and let this sweet enchantress hold him.

"There's something wrong here"—mistrust found shape of itself upon his tongue. "Let me go."

Though she answered only with a doleful slow swaying of her head, whether in prayer or denial he couldn't know, Barry in a dark hour delayed.

"I tell you," he sullenly declared, "I've got no business here. I'm going to clear out before it's . . ."

Her voice or his? Or the doom that trembled in the hour become articulate? A voice he didn't know clanged to his understanding like a knell:

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE LAST OF KENO CANNON]
Continued from page forty-five

"Too late!"

If the girl heard, nothing betrayed any intelligence in her; but neither, though she said not another word, did she release the man from the fatal supplication of her gaze.

A heavy knocking shook the hush like thunder.

Barry rapped out, "What's that?"—and saw Patience, as though those blows had fallen on her own heart instead of the cottage door, waver toward him with a face wiped white and blank. But she caught herself back before he could touch her; and "Oh!" she cried to him in bitter self-condemnation, "I have too long detained thee, David—never thinking thee had forgot my warning and permitted them to see thee!"

"What if they did?"

But Barry knew already, knew even before he heard that wicked mutter rising in the night.

There was immediately a more furious pounding, and a tongue dangerously genial cried through the door, "Hullo there, old Sandifer! Send that rat out before I come in and—"

"*Howl ye!*" The ancient in his rude arousal unleashed a booming that drowned the other voice as if it had been a child's. "*Howl ye; for the day of the Lord is at hand; it shall come as a destruction from the Almighty.*"

BARRY wheeled to go into the sitting room, but Patience held him back.

"No," she breathed. "Wait!"—and as though she dared not trust him to obey her, half dragged the man across the kitchen. "Thee is unarmed, David?"

"Don't worry about me—"

"Nay!" the girl panted, throwing open a cupboard and snatching from its shelves a heavy double-barreled pistol, antiquated in Barry's sight yet in prime condition; a deadly thing if used by an instructed hand. "Take this—it be loaded. Thee is not a Friend; to thee it is permitted to defend theeself."

He tried to push the thing away. "I shan't need that. What nonsense! Besides, what are you doing with such a weapon?"

Knocking more than ever imperative muffled her reply; and the voice of power cried its defiance:

"*Behold, the day of the Lord cometh, cruel both with wrath and fierce anger, to lay the land desolate: and He shall destroy the sinners thereof—*"

"What did you say?"

The pistol forced into his unwilling grasp, Barry bent an ear to the girl's lips.

"Take it: thee life is more to me than mine—"

"*Therefore I will shake the heavens, and the earth shall remove out of her place, in the wrath of the Lord of hosts, and in the day of his fierce anger!*"

"No, Patience! Please take this back. I tell you, this is all a mistake—"

"Send him out, Sandifer; or, by the Eternal, I'll kick this door down and snake him out myself!"

"*But wild beasts of the desert shall lie there; and their houses shall be full of doleful creatures; and owls shall dwell there, and satyrs shall dance—*"

"It was grandfather's, David, when he crossed the plains." The girl clung to Barry, fending off efforts to return the pistol and lifting to him the fair carnation of her face, the shy adoration of those incredible eyes. "Even the Friends in those days bore arms lest savages attack them. I kept it, thinking, perhaps . . . Nay, but now I know I saved it for thee to save theeself with, so thee may live to come back one day for me!"

She eluded a hasty attempt to capture her shoulders, and fled into the sitting room, Barry, thrusting the pistol beneath his coat, at her heels.

The battle chant of the Quaker militant ended.

The man outside had temporarily given up trying to outshout Anthony, though he continued diligently to belabor the door with fists and boots. But as the girl went to Anthony, the ancient all at once ran out of breath and collapsed, gasping and quaking. Then the bolts and bars and hinges got a respite, while their enemy discovered a biting eloquence.

"Come out, Keno, you poor cur! I know you're in there—hiding behind a woman's skirts, Keno Cannon, come out—"

Kneeling tenderly to wipe away the froth which had formed on senile lips and soothe with caresses the tremors of that old broken frame, Patience swung to Barry eyes sick with faith betrayed and shattered.

"Thee did lie to me, then, after all!"

"No!" Barry hotly protested. "I swear it—"

"Sandifer!" the voice through the door bellowed. "For the last time, I warn you. Send Keno Cannon out if you don't want us to break in and fetch him!"

THE venerable head bowed above its beard jerked up, the blue eyes in their deep recesses caught fire, and the voice like an organ took up anew its chanting:

"*The Lord is my rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer—*"

"I've had enough!" Barry with both hands threw up the sponge of his patience. "I'll put an end to this or know the reason why."

He was at the door before the girl could read his intention and start up from her knees, had it unbarred before she could arrive with frantic hands to stay him.

"No, no!" she cried, beside herself. "I do beseech thee, David—or whoever thee is, man of evil or the man I thought thee—not that. Shall I let thee go to thee death from this door?"

"Don't be silly, my dear." Barry caught her wrists together and for a moment held her helpless. "There's nothing for you to be so alarmed about, really—nothing going to happen, only my exit—"

"*Hell from beneath is moved for thee,*" the rapt ecstatic pealed behind them—"*to meet thee at thy coming.*"

"And a good exit line, too!" Barry chuckled. "It's been a most entertaining evening, thank you, and I've had a truly wonderful time." On impulse of sheer devilment he drew the girl into his arms and soundly kissed her. "There, my dear—just to keep my memory warm. Oh, here now!"

For Patience was sagging to the wall and crying into her hands.

"What's the use, Patience? Don't you want to believe the comedy's played out? But, my dear! All good things must come to some end."

No response other than those stifled sobs, the buzzing of the crowd in the street, and that stentorian intoning which, dominating every other sound, went on without an instant's recess:

"*Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it—*"

As if his brief rest had served but to redouble the assailant's fury, the assault on the panels was renewed; and Barry was too weary of it to stand more.

Though the girl wouldn't uncover her face, he made her his most gallant bow, and throwing the door back flung himself out with so much spirit that the man on the step stumbled back over his heels halfway to the gate.

His noble stovepipe toppled, his efforts to catch it were antic. When he had succeeded the white shine of the moon identified the splendid make-up of Black Luke Pettigrew in the foreground of a mob of extra people—some daringly afoot in the dooryard, others in a cluster beyond its fence, more mounted and waiting in the road.

The murmuring thickened to a bestial drone; but that was something which Dave Barry the actor took as a matter of course. He would be a dub of a director who neglected to dictate that effect; a mob scene without mob noises would be tame indeed.

"EASY, Luke, old sport!" Barry gayly counseled. "Nobody's fixing to walk on your toes, and that gag stuff with the stovepipe don't look so good in serious hoss op'ry. If you ask me, you'll need a lot of rehearsing before we start shooting for keeps."

This the Pettigrew person seemed to take as a business cue. Snarling, he whipped out a pistol. Barry too tardily remembered the weapon Patience had given. His temporary salvation was the loop which came sailing with a soft hiss to settle down over his shoulders, pin his arms, and snap him off his feet at the instant when Pettigrew pulled the trigger.

Simultaneously with the report the battle chant of the Quaker militant ended in a scream of mortal agony. The night itself seemed shaken by it:

"*Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani!*"

Then the wail of a heartbroken woman from the cottage. . . .

But Barry was permitted to grasp no more than a bare intimation of that tragedy. The lariat with its relentless strain was tugging him swiftly, now on his side, now on his back, toward the fence. There ungentle hands caught and tossed him bodily out into the road. He struggled up, but the rope, deftly managed, fastened two half-hitches round his body while he was drawing breath to yell remonstrances, and its slack was taken up with a smart jerk as the animal to whose saddle it was attached spun round and struck away down the road.

Constrained to run or drop and be dragged like a stuffed sack, the man achieved a lurching, plunging gait that rather miraculously kept

him on his feet. This gang was carrying the joke too far, and would be sorry for it, or his name wasn't Dave Barry.

Horsemen flanked him and thundered in his wake, dust smoked up in clouds to stifle and blind him. He was aware by spasms of the moon careening in the blue like a caravel of silver in the trough of a crazy sea. The laboring of his lungs came to be torture intolerable, and power of coherent thought passed. . . .

It returned after a fashion far from the village, where the road turned the haunch of a low bluff that sat back from the river bed. Here the cavalcade stopped and men, leaping from their saddles, closed round Barry. Reeling, he was caught and supported, half hauled, half heaved up the cheek of the bluff.

An old tree clung to its lip, a dead black tree. Beneath this he had a rest of minutes while a conference was held of whose import snatches fell to his half-submerged intelligence; other lariats lacked, he learned; the one that bound him would have to do the trick. It didn't matter if Keno Cannon did swing to his death with hands unbound—he was too far gone to put up any struggle.

Was he, though! They didn't know Dave Barry. He lay where they had dropped him, all slack and by every sign insensible. But his brain was working.

If escape were indeed impossible, if this ghastly adventure must write his life's last chapter, he would do his best notwithstanding to die in a way these murderers would all their days remember.

HASTILY removed from his shoulders, the halter was hitched round Barry's throat, while one climbed the tree and edged out on a limb which overhung the bluff to make the free end fast. His cheery voice overhead at length announced, "All right, boys! Now let the carrion have it." And Barry was yanked to his feet. Another breath or two, and then no more. . . .

He glanced down once to the bloodthirsty rabble which waited in the road, and marked the handsome evil mask of Pettigrew in the forefront; glanced up once and round at the far-flung ridges, the silver basin of the valley dappled with violet shadows, at the moon-smitten firmament; and dismissing these, fixed his mind on that which he would do, an old invention of his cooked up to put the big punch in an early picture.

A good trick . . . if he could do it. . . .

A thrust from behind gave him a flying launch into eternity.

To his entire amazement, somehow he did manage it—in the first instant of his flight he threw both hands above his head and caught the rope. It tautened with a wrench that nearly unsocketed his arms—but his neck was still unbroken. And as he swung out, a grotesque pendulum, over the heads of the horsemen, he contrived further to twist the rope round a wrist and so free one hand for other service—to dig in under his coat and worry that pistol out.

Those who caught the moonlight on its barrels shrieked warnings, and reined back with curses. Pettigrew, however, was in a pocket, had no time to maneuver his steed aside. Barry, swinging out the second time and directly for the man, let both charges fly point-blank into that white frightened face. And it was no more a face.

Those two shots were sharply answered by a third; a tongue of orange flame licked up out of the herded desperadoes, the strain on his wrist abruptly was eased, and Barry came to earth with a crash which drove every breath out of his body.

HE lay stunned, gasping for air that stabbed his lungs like white-hot needles. Nobody had noticed, apparently, that the bullet from below had severed the lariat —good movie technique, if a thought threadbare. Nobody seemed to know or care that he had fallen under the hoofs of the frenzied horses. The end which had overtaken Pettigrew was seemingly all that anybody had time to be concerned about.

Barry, unhindered, squirmed like a shadow across the road, crawled through a screen of undergrowth, and dropped down into the dry watercourse. In the shadow of this he skulked on, cat-footed and furtive as a coyote, till trampling hoofs and clashing voices blended into a distant rumor, and that failed and was not.

Only then was he able to hear the voice.

It came from afar, a quiver in the silence, thin but clear and sweet as distant music . . . or the trill of running water . . . calling him, over and over:

"David! . . . David! . . . David!"

Patience, alone back there with her sorrow, forlorn and defenseless now in that den of wolves; Patience calling him back to her:

"David! . . . David! . . . David!"

Less than a man indeed did he refuse to heed and turn back his fainting footsteps . . .

The bank of the arroyo was high at that point and steep; to climb it, in his condition, sheer

heroism. He won to the top at last, so fagged that he had no choice but to pause a bit and rest.

And still that calling . . .

To his bewilderment he discovered then that, instead of putting miles behind him, as he had fancied, he had won less than a quarter of a mile away from the theater of that aborted lynching.

The gallows tree lifted up from the brow of the bluff like some grisly symbol stenciled in black upon a phosphorescent back drop. And something surely hung from it: the shape of a human body hanged by its neck. The road beneath was bare.

Had they been so bent on murdering someone, then, that they had drafted one of their own number to understudy the prey who had escaped them?

The man might not rest till he knew. He found himself dragging painfully back toward the bluff, going warily at first, expecting at every step to surprise some sign of those assassins, but with increasing confidence since he saw none.

And all the while, Patience calling:

"David! . . . David! . . . David!"

He stood again beneath the tree, gazing up in terror that curdled his soul and afflicted him with nausea and palsy.

Feature for ghastly feature, garment for old-fashioned garment, Dave Barry was one with the dead man who swung up there, lightly dancing to the night draft that sighed through the valley, and grimacing as the moon played with the shadows on his congested face, from which his tongue protruded, a black and swollen stump, a frozen digit of derision.

BARRY turned to flee that goblin horror, and found himself betrayed. His executioners had him in a ring. Every tree sheltered a skulking fiend, human bloodhounds were stalking him under cover of every bush and thicket.

And he could no more . . .

At bay, he waited, rocking on his hips, swaying a head too heavy to lift from his chest, and releasing from lips fixed in a snarl an inhuman noise of worry, such as animals will make if tormented to the verge of madness, that ran on without a pause, bar one of a single breath, when the last clear call for him came wailing down the wind:

"David!"

A call he would not live to answer. The enemy was growing bolder; devils who aped the forms of men were breaking out of every shadow, bounding to close in on him, flailing their arms and howling. He tightened his grip on the pistol.

One gave a shout of jubilation: "Here he is, fellows! Come a-runnin'!" Hands made to lay hold of Barry; he saw a staring face and, mustering all his might, swung the pistol over his head and crashed its butt squarely between two eyes of wolfish glitter.

The hell pack had him then. He went down, whelmed by numbers, but fighting like a maniac till again, in his poor haunted mind, something gave way and let in the darkness.

What becomes of David Barry? And what's the answer to the riddle of his amazing adventure? You'll learn in next week's concluding installment.

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In Next Week's LIBERTY—

The Enigma Called Tunney

By PAUL GALLICO

Some strange characteristics and puzzling contradictions in the make-up of the retired heavyweight champion.

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Vox

The Navy Speaks

CHICAGO, ILL.—I believe that Francis Wallace in his story, "The Army-Navy Football Dispute," has misquoted the naval service in general when he says that its view is, "We are not being licked fairly. Do something!"

I believe that real navy sentiment was voiced years ago when an old line admiral said, "Damn the torpedoes—go ahead!"

I will grant that Francis Wallace may have lived at the Naval Academy and may have heard such an opinion as he has quoted. If that opinion has percolated down through the regiment of midshipmen, the service in general will have to train them all over again when they go to sea. The naval service wants the game—let West Point make its own rules!

Can you imagine our navy in war time wanting to call the game off because the opposing fleet had better trained men?—*Navy, 1920.*

Mr. Wallace Should Write on Football, Not Flowers

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—In his article, "The Army-Navy Football Dispute," Francis Wallace said:

"On the campus of the Naval Academy hangs an old Japanese bell that Admiral Perry brought from the Flowery Kingdom."

Japan is not known as the Flowery Kingdom—that is China. Japan is more than a kingdom. It is an empire.

Japan is known as the Land of the Chrysanthemum.—*Oshito Soko.*

But It's an American Gat

CHICAGO, ILL. — Walton Green's stories of Little Solly, the gangster, make me realize once again that Uncle Sam's much vaunted "melting pot" simply doesn't melt, in a vast number of cases.

Uncle Sam picks up an evil looking ruffian with a knife between his teeth—hailing, perhaps, from southern Europe.

With the best intentions in the world, Sam drops him into the melting pot, expecting in ten years' time to see him emerge a clean American type, of the kind that could pose for a collar ad.

And what happens? In ten years' time the ruffian pokes his head over the side of the melting pot.. Americanized, clean, and honest? H—no! He still carries the knife between his teeth—is still the same evil looking ruffian. Not melted a bit.

Whereupon our Uncle throws up his hands in astonishment and begins to do some serious thinking about his growing army of gangsters.

The typical cartoon of Uncle Sam, nowadays, should show that well known Uncle being held up by a foreign gunman with a vicious looking gat.—*L. Stevens.*

For One Thing, You'll Be Fourteen

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Did it ever occur to any of the readers of LIBERTY how the number thirteen works out among our presidents? There are thirteen letters in Woodrow Wilson, and we had a great war during his term. And there are thirteen letters in the name of Herbert Hoover. And in the year 1930 (which adds up to thirteen) God only knows what will happen.—*Arnold Furstenberg (age 12).*

Lies

ELKIN, N. C.—Please don't lift me and other boys up to dream-dizzy heights with stories like "Souvenir," by Norman S. Hall. God, if you knew the agony that comes when you finish and drop back into life's sordidness and triteness.

I know that no woman like Eugénie lived or ever will live, and so do you. Why do you want to tell us about them? And the dreams she made with the music she played. Lies, lies, lies—but what glorious ones!

I can't even write any more about it. Someone just bawled out, "What d'ya want, eggs or fish for dinner?"—*A Boy.*

Life

JANESVILLE, WIS.—I have just finished "Souvenir," By Norman S. Hall. While reading it I so completely lived! I hope you have the good fortune to print other stories by this gentleman. Life is like that. I know.—*C. E. G.*

Big Hearted

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—I love the Protestants. I love the Catholics. I love the prohibitionists. I love the wets. I love the colored man. I love the sinner. I love Gene Tunney. I love Jack Dempsey. I love LIBERTY and all its writers.

We must have peace among individuals before it will be successfully obtained among nations. So why not fill this Vox Pop with *love* for a while, and step on that beast, criticism.

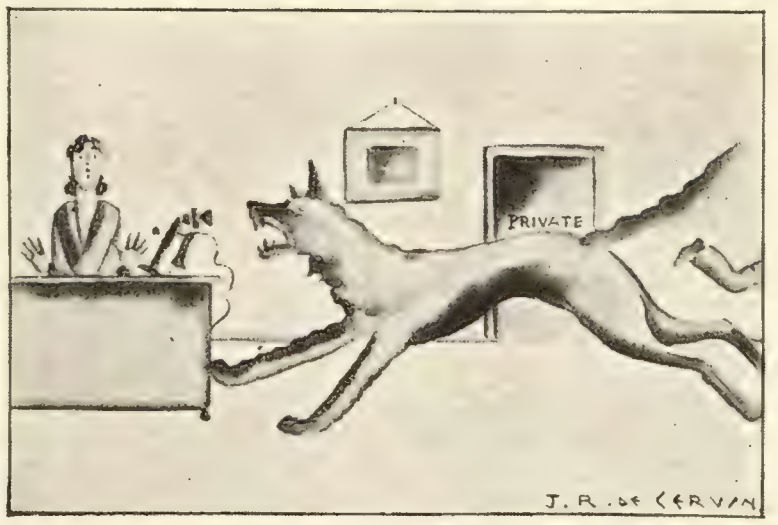
I have made my start.—*One Who Loves You All.*

We Didn't Want a Dandy Three Column Article

LEAVENWORTH, WASH. — If you'd taken the sleeps and eats out of "Gasoline Gypsies," by Grace Robinson, you'd have had a dandy three column article!—*L. R. Hart.*

Proposal Rejected

BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF.—I wish to heaven you would cut out further letters about wolves fighting dogs in your Vox Pop department. Why not stick to corrupting what few morals our fool young people have left? Why take it out on the animals? They, at least, are still worthy of respect.



As for that abysmal brute whose tame wolf licked (and, doubtless, killed) a hundred or more poor dogs, being deliberately matched against them by this curious specimen of so-called humanity, in the full knowledge that they *would* be killed, the less said about him the better.

Action is what he needs—for instance, a good sized brick house falling on him. It is my opinion that the lower and hotter furnaces of hell yawn for him.

You deliberately suggest horrid cruelty to numberless other dogs by printing such letters. So I propose that this bum's tame wolf be turned loose in LIBERTY'S sanctum for a time, with full letters of marque and reprisal.—*E. P. Moore.*

Thoughts on a Man from Houston, Texas

HOUSTON, TEX.—Mr. C. R. Rishmiller of Houston, Texas, in his *he-man* remarks to Vox Pop concerning LIBERTY'S golf stories, was amusing.

Now get this right, C. R. R.! When I started learning to play golf (what I do know) a kid had to be pretty much of a he-man to get near the old club house, if he was looking for a job as a caddy. I got one of those caddy jobs, C. R. R., and without saying what the gang did to me, you can bet your last dollar the boys that followed me took plenty before we even let them get near the caddy master.

C. R. R., don't be so narrow! Don't think because a man dons knickers and gets out on the links for the love of playing an honest-to-God, he-man sporting game, that he is a mama boy, or effeminate. Why, judging from your letter, the very next time we step out on a golf links we're likely to see a business man swinging a club in a dainty silk nightgown, with low neck and short sleeves. *Bunk!* Give us some more real golf stories, LIBERTY!—B. C.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—In LIBERTY for November 24 I was reading Vox Pop as usual and getting a big kick out of Arthur Brisbanes, and who have you, but one thing got my goat. That was that braying ass from Houston, Texas, who kicked about the golf stories.

If he would get up and move around outside of the State of Sand and wild steers he might find out that golf is a he-man's game. But to play golf one must have something under his hat besides hair.—*A. D. Reed.*

WACO, NEB.—I suggest that the he-man from Houston, Texas, who eats raw meat, try playing forty-five holes of golf in a day, as I have, and I'll bet he eats worse than raw meat after that.

He's like Old Faithful—spouts for no reason except hot insides.—*E. L. Roggy.*

Explaining One or Two Little Things You May Have Wondered About

DAVENPORT, IA.—I read your editorial, "Crime and a Remedy"—the one in which you placed the blame for our epidemic of crime squarely on the shoulders of prohibition. I see you suggested, as a solution: "Let those communities which . . . want to be dry, stay dry. Let those . . . which want to be wet, be wet."

To any honest-minded and sane person, your editorial was fair and correct. *But*—we've publicly settled this matter, by open declaration to the whole world, through the majority vote and popular voice of our nation, which declared for Mr. Hoover.

It is our bounden duty to give the majority voters of this nation the will of their balloting, in which they

Pop

declared for a bone-dry plank. Yes, that is our patriotic duty—even to the ruination of our republic.—*Herbert E. Dissette.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Since the election I've heard a lot of deluded debaters argue that the Hoover landslide means that the nation has definitely, for all time, put itself on record as favoring prohibition.

Such reasoning is simple-minded. The fact is that too many other factors besides dryness and wetness entered into the November 6 decision. Overshadowing them all was the religious issue.

If we took a popular vote on prohibition, letting it stand alone—*man!* What an eye opener!—*L. Collins.*

CLEVELAND, OHIO — The kind of men who fight prohibition are the ones that would not fight for their own mother, but with her, if she were not bigger and stronger.—*J. O.*

DENVER, COLO.—More power to you on your editorials on prohibition. But the last lost election showed what good politicians can do. All the wets staggered up to the polls and voted dry.—*A Reader.*

FRANKLIN, PA.—The only thing wrong with LIBERTY'S remedy for the liquor evil—letting "those communities which are naturally dry... stay dry and those which are naturally wet . . . be wet"—is that nobody is in favor of it.

The drys are not, having learned by ample experience who it is that would have all the labor of prodding recalcitrant officials into some show of guarding the borders of the dry places it is thus proposed to scoop out in the ocean.

The wets are not, either, and so signified when this identical plan was tried—exhaustively and exhaustingly—heretofore. They shipped liquor into the territory that would be dry. When they traveled there, they hunted out and patronized bootleggers and then went home and bragged about it.

They maintained in their press a constant drumfire against the laws and policies of the places that had signified their wish to be dry. They maintained national organizations whose sole purpose was to undermine and finally overthrow the dry places in a common welter of wetness.

No, the drys are not in favor of this polka dot scheme. The wets are not. Nobody is.—*Orrin H. Graham.*

TORONTO, CAN.—Observing the United States from a distance it appears to me as if the land of my birth is fast developing into some sort of an international joke.

Prohibition!

It took Canada about four years to find out that prohibition doesn't work. Then Canada discontinued prohibition. The majority spoke—and the law was changed. But it seems that, in the land of liberty, the people aren't even going to have a chance to vote *out* the law they had no complete voice in making. Isn't that funny?—*Harry J. Hobson.*

We Won't Insist on Your Working the Hard Puzzle; Try the Easy One

ANDERSON, IND.—T. T. Wright has my sympathy. To work these "hard" cross word puzzles one would have to have access to libraries, encyclopedias, colleges of languages, etc., besides the old dictionary.

In a recent puzzle I found the word "merganser." Being rather intrigued, I looked it up in the solution in the next issue and found it explained beautifully. It means "smew!"

Oh, dear! I'd like to smew the cross word puzzle editor right on the old merganser.

Give us a chance!—*Mrs. Cross Word Puzzlist.*

Well, You Could Ask Them

CHICAGO, ILL. — That effusion, "Don't Play Bridge," was more than moist. How should a hostess entertain, say, twenty guests? Ask them to talk about Aristotle?—*Hostess.*

You'll Learn

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Your editorial, "Don't Play Bridge," struck a responsive chord in me.

I happen to have a wife who comes of a regular bridge playing family. Now I, on the other hand, had been going with a set in which bridge wasn't played. They go to the theater, read, and spend evenings in talk—and good talk, at that.

We hadn't been married a month before my wife gently, but firmly, began to teach me bridge. I play now—oh, yes, I play—but, putting it in terms of golf, I go around a bridge table in 150.

One night recently, after our bridge guests had gone and my wife had stepped into another room, I saw red. I kicked over a card table, grabbed a

pack of cards, and threw it into the air. As the cards scattered and showered down around me, I cussed till the air was blue.

And what was the result? My wife came in just after my explosion, and I had to apologize so humbly that, following up her advantage, she booked me up for *three more bridge dates!*—*J. T. F.*

Mr. Fullerton Will Be So Pleased

BOSTON, MASS.—Hugh Fullerton's article, "Signal—Five—Nine—Here She Blows!" in which Hugh told what goes on in football huddles, put me in mind of the various occasions

on which I've been keyed up to a high pitch, looking forward to the next play—and then came a huddle.

There the players were, heads down, deep in something—I couldn't guess what. And though the huddles were short, in point of actual time, I remember being so eager and jumpy that some of 'em seemed interminable.

It was then that I wanted to walk up to the "charmed circle" with a very large slapstick in my hands and bring it down with great violence on the posterior portion of the player nearest me—thus snapping 'em out of their coma. But Hugh's article made me think more kindly of huddles. —*A man with jumpy football nerves.*

Very Much Thanks

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Derest Vox Pop I are Japenese boy I like very much LIBERTY thank you.

Honorable boss buy one for him and one for Mrs. Me I buy one too make three in one house.

I make much better read now so please not listin somebody write Vox Pop and say magizine no good. Please no stop make same magizine it are O.K.

I like very much see Japanese story please I wish for LIBERTY thousand times very much good luck.—*Taro Tamani.*

To Hit or Not to Hit

NEWELLTON, LA.—I just noticed a letter in Vox Pop by some *hombre* signing himself: "A Southerner, and, I hope, a gentleman." By his address—Washington, D. C.—I think I've a better claim to that than he.

In his letter he took exception to the fact that the hero of Austin Parker's story, "Discord," was going to reserve the right to sock his wife on the chin whenever he felt she deserved it.

I'm awfully sorry that he feels that way about hitting a woman. I happened to be knifed in the shoulder by a Spanish woman some two years past and I hit her—and *how!* I think the other gentleman (so called) would have done likewise under similar circumstances.

But, of course, he might have sat around and let her stick a stiletto in him till she got tired. I didn't feel that way about it.—*H. X. W.—A Southerner, and, I hope, a gentleman.*

Now Cecil, Is That Nice?

LOUISVILLE, KY.—I noticed that Hugh Fullerton, in "Reminiscences of a Dopester," popped off about what he did in the way of predicting the outcome of the two major leagues of baseball.

So poor Hugh Fullerton had to come out and congratulate himself! Was it a case of nobody else knowing anything about his baseball predictions?—*Cecil Wise.*

Scotch Crack

CALGARY, ALBERTA, CAN.—This is to certify that I read LIBERTY regularly every week, getting same from my brother who is a janitor and who finds it in a waste basket. How anyone would give five cents for your rag, week by week, I canna understand.—*Jock McGregor.*

Don't Weaken

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Instead of going on a lamb chop and pineapple diet to get thin, try walking around to as many news stands as you can manage and asking for a copy of LIBERTY a couple of days after publication.

Not only will you lose weight, ruin your good disposition, and end up on your knees before the ninety-ninth

news stand you've tried, but you'll gradually reach the conclusion that aforesaid publication is about as rare as a flaskless collegian at a prom!—*R. F. Schweriner.*

"Amateur"

On Some Inconsistencies and Hypocrisy in Sports

By

SIDNEY SUTHERLAND

Pictures by GRANT POWERS

SINCE this article is frankly an unfavorable criticism of present-day amateur standards in American sports and athletics as set up by the officials in charge of our athletic pastimes, it would be well, first, to establish authoritative definitions of some of the terms to be employed in the article. Glance, then, at these excerpts from Webster's New International Dictionary:

am'a-teur' 1. One who is attached to or cultivates a particular pursuit, study, or science, without pursuing it professionally.

2. Specif., in sports and esp. athletics, one who is not rated as a professional. See PROFESSIONAL.

pro-fes'sion-al One who engages in anything professionally. Generally one who has competed in any sport for a stake or purse or for gate money, or with a professional for a prize.

gen'tle-man [ME. *gentilman* nobleman; *gentil* noble + *man* man: cf. F. *gentilhomme*.] 1. A man well born; one of good family though not noble; one entitled to bear a coat of arms; sometimes, any one above the social condition of a yeoman.

2. A well bred man of fine feelings, esp. one of good character, raised above the vulgar by education, habits, and social esteem. . . .

5. *Law.* A respectable man who engages in no occupation or profession regularly for gain.

6. *Sports.* An amateur; specif., in *Cricket*, any of the eleven amateurs chosen to represent the "Gentlemen" in either of the two annual matches *versus* the "Players," in England.

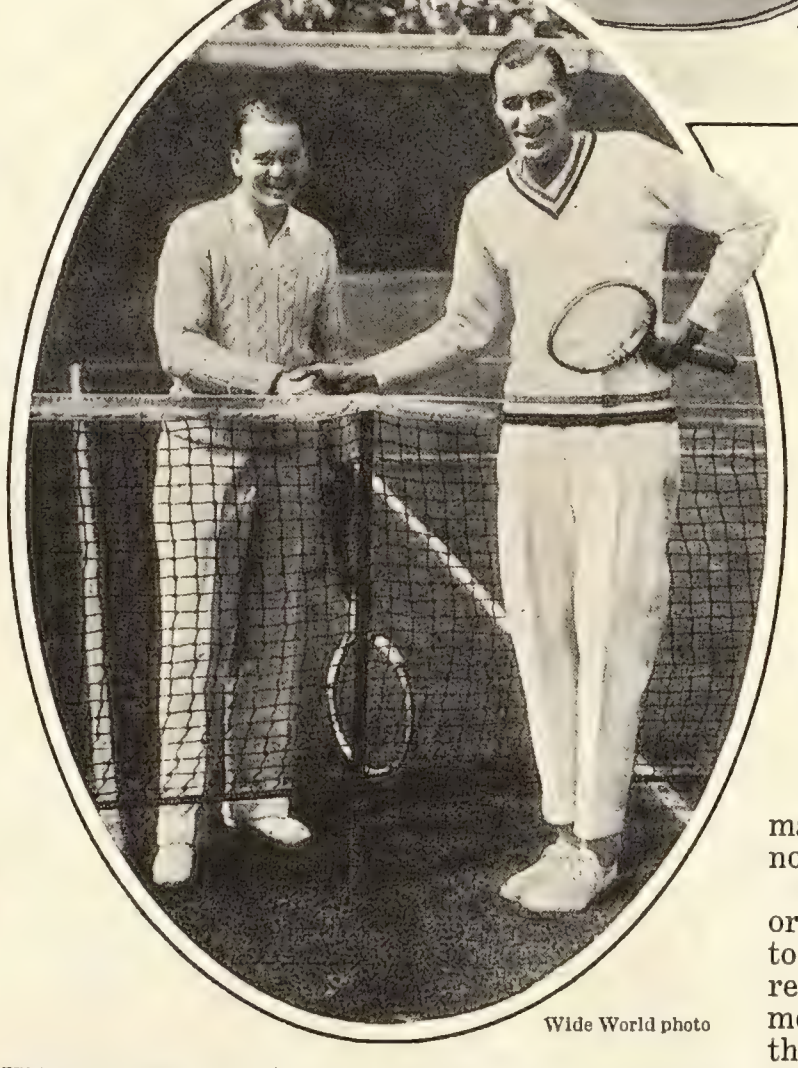
The idea of amateurism originated centuries ago in England, the mother of modern sports and the adapter of ancient athletic contests. There was no sharp demarcation between the amateur and the professional in old Greece or Rome.

Certain individuals of more than ordinary prowess were recruited from the lower castes to furnish entertainment for the spectators, to become bodyguards for their superiors, or to improve the bodies of children in rich families. These were paid wages, kept in quarters apart, or given their freedom if they were either prisoners of war or prisoners confined for violating the law.

The leisure and affluence that set certain families apart from the yeomen and serfs and mercenaries of England provided the time and the means for young noblemen and wealthy rakes and idle young blades of Merrie England to indulge in physical contests. Oxford and Cambridge and Eton and Harrow were the sites for these tournaments, bloodless successors to the jousts of knighthood, likewise practiced only by the upper classes.

But only gentlemen, then synonymous with nobility, or, by sufferance, scholarly and cultured scions of the middle class, might hope either to attend these ancient schools or take part in athletic sports. These participants, of course, had no need of remuneration; a lady's handkerchief was prize enough. Thence came the idea that only opulent gentlemen were fit to take part in such events.

Tilden wrote, and was suspended.



Wide World photo

William T. Tilden II and, at left, Vincent Richards, now a professional, when both were amateurs in 1925.

Prize fighting and wrestling were about the only sports open to the lower classes, the idea of a peasant as a gentleman's rival at the foils, or the sculls, or the fox hunt being preposterous. Nobles and royalty became patrons of prize fighters and matched them against each other, just as they matched their bulldogs and bull terriers.

Came the Napoleonic wars and the invention of the steam engine and the cotton jenny and the world spread of English commerce and the labor union movements, and presently many young Englishmen found themselves with leisure time.

APING their betters, just as Americans to this day are frantically aping many of the customs and characteristics of the English, these young Britons began to go in for sports and athletics. They played their games alone, only a yew hedge—and an impassable chasm of caste—sometimes separating them from gentlemen playing identical games across the way.

A village champion appeared, and at a fête at the manor he was invited to exhibit his talents. Perhaps he leaped farther than any gentleman in England had ever leaped before. So the gentlemen, in their own playgrounds, set out to surpass the yokel's achievement.

This brought out rivalry, and as the snobbery of the Georges faded into the democracy of Victoria, individuals and teams from the upper and lower crusts began to play together. But always the upper caste insisted on a distinct social cleavage, and always the lower acquiesced, because for centuries it had regarded itself (and still does regard itself) as somehow inferior to the gentleman and the noble.

This dividing line conceded, there was no longer any hesitancy in the rivals vying against each other. The division was kept in mind by such things as methods of saluting Mr. Frank Perriwinkle, the gentleman, the amateur, playing against John Smith, non-gentleman and professional.

Mr. Perriwinkle might enter the clubhouse or the stadium through a door forever barred to Smith; he might, when heated in the game, retire to a rest room never visited by the commoner; his friends sat apart in the stands from the plebe's associates and family; he was content to accept a silver token, a badge, or a cup, if he won, while part of the gate receipts might be given to Smith if he triumphed.

Indeed, such is the common sense of your Briton that (never forgetting the difference in their clay, a thought insufferable to Americans) the gentleman, the amateur, would even play on the same team with the lower classes. In cricket and football, favorite English sports, amateurs and professionals often play together on the same team in important games, the amateur being identified on the programs and in the newspaper reports of the contest by using his initials.

Thus, in a football line-up will appear T. C. Bottomley, F. C. Chadwick, Smith, Jones, Fletcher, O. K. Bovard, and so on, everybody understanding that the first, second, and sixth players are amateurs, and the third, fourth, and fifth, professionals.

But in 1776 Jefferson (had he been a gentleman I'd refer to him as T. Jefferson) put forward the proposition that all men are created equal. His countrymen, none of them having any initials in the eyes of King George III, subscribed to this unique thesis, and as a consequence the present United States of America exists and has its being.

Personally, I think Jefferson was wrong. If you think he was right, that you were created

But Helen Wills writes and draws, and still she plays.

Hartsook photo
Grantland Rice

P. & A. photo
Sen. G. W. Pepper

P. & A. photo
Devereux Milburn

U. & U. photo
Jones W. Mersereau

Four members of the tennis association's committee, which included Tilden, that framed the famous player-writer rule.

equal to Jack Dempsey, you can make a test of it by walking up to Jack and slapping his face. And because he was wrong every American from 1776 to 1928 has been trying to prove himself superior to his neighbor, either by having more money to spend, better automobiles, finer clothes for his wife, or a more skillful mashie niblick than his locker-room pal.

Some of us have succeeded in outdistancing our neighbors, and certainly the Vanderbilts and the Astors and the Rhinelanders entertain no doubt as to where they stand in the human scale as compared to the Sweeneys and the Rosenblatts and the Pagliaccis.

But so popular is the fallacy of Jefferson that if you told these lower classes that they aren't gentlemen and fit companions at table with the former trio, their vulgar retort would be: "Is that so? Come on out in the alley and prove it."

It is that spirit which, in America, has made our professional athletes immeasurably superior to our amateurs. There isn't an amateur in any sport on earth who can defeat a first-rate professional, except Bobby Jones; and Jones would be a professional golfer if the United States Golf Association authorities hadn't had brains enough to perceive as unworkable the amateur player-writer rule so sacredly inviolable in the esteem of the United States Lawn Tennis Association.

THE absurd and hypocritical amateur standards as practiced in this country prevail in every line of sport, but nowhere so absurdly and hypocritically as in tennis. Let us first examine the situation there. A glance at the recent William Tilden farce will suffice.

Originally amateur tennis was a mere matter of communal rivalries and, as such, properly amenable to strict amateur limitations. When Dwight Davis gave the cup which is now the Holy Grail of tennis competition, the game branched out from a national and moderately international rivalry to become keenly international. Interest became world-wide, and amateur rules not only desirable but vital.

In America certain wealthy men saw in this popular and colorful sport an opportunity to become identified as its controlling influence. It gave them prestige among their friends, publicity in the press of the whole world, power to make decisions affecting a subject of interest to the whole world.

As the spirit of competition waxed hot among the nations, leadership in tennis carried tremendous limelight value; and the psychology of an enlarged ego was a not insignificant item in the struggle for control. There is an indirect monetary value in controlling tennis; bond salesmen and brokers and insurance men form contacts greatly to be desired.

There is no intimation here at all that there was any direct monetary value—every penny of the millions taken in at the gate during the last twenty years has been scrupulously accounted for and expended for the benefit of tennis in America and elsewhere.

As time passed certain outstanding players appeared, and they wanted a voice in the management. They felt that without their skill tennis would get nowhere and they believed they should have a say.

William T. Tilden II was the leading rebel. Probably the greatest player of all time, he is an educated, cultured man—and at heart he is a revolutionary against discipline. The recent history of Davis Cup competition is the story of quarreling between Tilden and the association officials.

© P. & A. photo

Central News photo

Above, Mary K. Browne, who turned professional in tennis, and, at left, Helen Wills, amateur, who capitalizes her tennis fame only indirectly.

Tilden has probably been the greatest influence for good in tennis of any man in its sphere: he has been an inspiration to thousands of aspirants; he has developed and encouraged more lads, potential champions, than anybody else; he has magnificently represented his country here and abroad; he has ever been eager to play exhibition matches for charity, for instruction, for entertainment. Tilden's is a name deathless in tennis annals.

And Tilden has been making about $25,000 a year from his amateur tennis. It is the only thing he is qualified to do that would command such an income. He has made far more money as an amateur than he could have made as a professional.

The score is about fifty-fifty between Tilden and his bitter enemies in the higher councils of tennis.

Yet it is because of this long struggle for supremacy between Tilden and his authorities that most of the absurd amateur rulings have been adopted. There is a report that Tilden's father left him sufficient income to insure the leisure he required to practice and become a champion. More credible reports have it that this parental bequest would never have sufficed for Tilden's scale of living had he not been able to pad out his income with fees received for writing articles for newspapers and syndicates and with wages received as an actor.

And his articles on tennis and his stage rôles would be of interest to nobody if he were not Tilden the tennis champion. Amateur tennis has provided him with a generous livelihood for nearly two decades. And this with the connivance and approval of the association, until he aspired to a seat in the inner chamber.

WHEN the rebel got out of control, and when his protégés followed his fiery example, the association was tossed on the well known horns of a dilemma—how to put him in his place and at the same time win the annual Davis Cup matches. Tilden's newspaper writings offered a target. Something really had to be done because the amateurs were getting out of hand—Vincent Richards, for example, writing articles for the Hearst press on *swimming!*

Finally a committee was named to draft a player-writer regulation. Senator George Wharton Pepper of Pennsylvania was the chairman, and the other members were Devereux Milburn, Grantland Rice, S. Wallis Merrihew, Jones W. Mersereau, Arthur Hellen, and Tilden himself.

Milburn, a genuine sportsman, and Rice, a gentleman and an expert when he takes his pen in hand, saw through the ludicrous amateurism of tennis and sardonically proposed a real amateur ruling—that no amateur tennis player should have his expenses paid for more than two weeks or two tournaments a year.

Tilden objected, naturally, because he couldn't afford it; and the tennis association objected because its officials want the lads to play from early spring to late fall—and gate receipts would suffer grievously if Rice's suggestion were accepted literally.

Rice and Milburn wanted to go even further—adopt a rule that all expenses be abolished! But this was unthinkable.

"If a tennis star," to quote Rice, "can have his expenses paid through the greater part of the year, from February to September, and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

["AMATEUR"
Continued from page fifty-one]

then knock off $8,000 to $12,000 writing about the game it would be ridiculous to turn professional. My rule would put a sudden and depressing check on jaunts that run from six to twenty thousand miles, absorbing six or eight months from the calendar system each year.

"No one has yet been able to explain how anyone can give up this time to a game and earn a living on the side, apart from the game, unless he has a big income. And if he has a big income he isn't going to be foolish enough to spend it in that fashion. Or wise enough, as you may care to view it. If it is impossible for the general good of tennis to pass any such rule, then the rest of the amateur argument might as well be dropped as a minor detail."

The committee finally passed a rule that no player should write for pay about a tournament in which he is also a competitor until three days after the tournament ends. Tilden agreed to this.

From June 25 to July 7, last, the English championships were held at Wimbledon, and Tilden played there. Also he wrote articles for the Christy Walsh Syndicate while he was playing, and he accepted money for so doing.

When Tilden went to Paris to play the French team in the Davis Cup tournament he wrote an article for his syndicate which the association officials also held was a violation of the rule he had subscribed to in writing.

Meanwhile Samuel H. Collom, president of the association, and Joseph W. Wear, chairman of the Davis Cup committee, were in midocean en route to Paris. The executive committee got busy, with these close friends of Tilden's out of the way, and cabled, suspending Tilden from the Davis Cup team.

THERE was a terrific outcry. The fans in America protested, but nobody protested so loudly or earnestly as the French Tennis Federation, the players, the French fans, and the men who had put up the money for the building of the great tennis stadium in Paris. With Tilden out, everybody realized that the box office would suffer.

The thing got to be a national crisis in France. They persuaded Ambassador Herrick to intercede with the simon-pure association at home, and presently Tilden was reinstated for the tournament! Note, further, the absurdity of the association's procedure.

Tilden came home and was ordered to trial before the executive committee. He was *too busy* to attend, rehearsing a vaudeville act in Boston, but he wrote a letter insisting that he hadn't "reported" the tournaments, but had merely "commented" on about ten or eleven matches out of some 200.

And Christy Walsh threatened to sue the association because by suspending Tilden it had lessened the value of the articles he was writing!

The committee met and on August 25 issued a long statement. It accused Tilden of violating "the amateur rule he had himself accepted"; of "exploiting for gain his position as a tennis player"; and, most solemnly, of acting contrary to the executive committee's "one purpose of making effective rules and regulations which in their opinion will build a great future for tennis and enable our young people all over the country to learn high standards of sportsmanship."

Forgetting that Tilden had done more for tennis than any other man that ever lived!

Now, the lay reader—one not gifted with qualities so dominant in the make-up of the gentlemen controlling American tennis, the qualities set forth in one of the Webster definitions given before—such a reader would think that if Tilden had violated "the amateur rule for pecuniary gain" he would automatically become a professional.

But such is the adjustability of the association officials' viewpoints that they did not dare to declare their star player a professional. Indeed, they explained that "while Tilden is ineligible to play in amateur tournaments the association still regards him as an amateur and not as a professional."

You see, Tilden, while slipping, is not yet through, and there are other Davis Cup tournaments still to be played.

OTHER inconsistencies and absurdities are these: the association belongs to the International Tennis Federation and sanctions, among other nationalities, the French players endorsed by the French federation. The Frenchmen see nothing unethical or unamateur in the fact that Henri Cochet owns three sporting-goods stores in France; that his name appears on a popular racquet from every sale of which he derives a substantial royalty.

These things are forbidden to American amateurs; yet the association permitted Cochet to come over here and win our singles championship at Forest Hills, while in the stand watching the second-rate tennis put up by Cochet and Francis Hunter for the title were Tilden, Vincent Richards, and Bill Johnston, any one of whom could probably defeat the Frenchman.

Cochet can draw a few dollars at the gate, and consequently the association is willfully blind to his amateur misdeeds in France. The public, however, has been educated by Tilden and Richards and other American stars, and the public was not fooled by the championship staged at Forest Hills last September.

The gate receipts in 1927 were between $90,000 and $100,000. In 1928 they were about $60,000. Tilden was not playing in 1928.

Helen Wills can write for newspapers, for book publishers, and can draw pictures for the press. She is not covering a tournament she is playing in, will be the association's reply. But she certainly is capitalizing her standing as a woman champion, and if she were not champion probably neither newspapers nor book publishers would be interested in anything she had to say.

Several celebrated Davis Cup players bitterly insist that the association pays all the expenses of Helen's mother, who chaperons her on her trips. The association, when I inquired, abruptly denied this.

Until recently the association has been stubbornly against permitting its star players to appear in charity and instructional exhibition matches. Theatrical stars have a clause in their contracts permitting appearances at worthy charities or benefits.

When Miss Anne Morgan was staging her celebrated war charities in New York City she found the tennis association adamant against permitting Tilden and Richards to help her out. Madison Square Garden was rented for such a benefit; Miss Morgan guaranteed to sell out the house; Broadway folk guaranteed to take all the boxes; and Tilden and Richards respectfully begged sanction to appear for the occasion.

The association refused, and was deaf even to the pleas of the French ambassador. It explained that inasmuch as no other sport was to be represented that night, the whole thing savored of pecuniary exploitation of amateur tennis.

When Tilden wanted to play an exhibition for the benefit of the Japanese earthquake sufferers in 1923, the association refused his telegraphed request for permission to appear. Having promised the Japanese ambassador to play, Tilden bluntly wired the association that he was playing anyhow. So the association hastily telegraphed its sanction.

They never would have countenanced, say, an exhibition between Tilden and the great Czechoslovakian professional, Karel Kozeluh, for a benefit in behalf of the Florida hurricane sufferers. This would be positively unthinkable. Yet Bobby Jones can play Hagen, and Yale's baseball team can play the New York Giants.

The whole thing obviously is farcical and unworkable; that is, unworkable from a strictly ethical standpoint. Yet even in these exalted and myopic perceptions of the gentlemen eager to emulate the British aristocracy while yielding to American experience, the idea is penetrating that tennis must yield to the general public's demand that only genuine champions be entitled as such.

The only way to get a real champion is to let everybody qualified by ability get out there in front of the grand stand and fight it out. That means professional tennis must be recognized and its adherents permitted to contest with the amateurs.

THE association is succumbing to this idea, as witness the fact that late in September last they sanctioned a situation which would have horrified them a year or so ago: they permitted the West Side Club in Forest Hills to let the professionals hold their tournament within those hallowed walls, and, with an eye to good business, did not excommunicate the club for accepting a percentage of the gate receipts paid by hoi polloi to watch great professionals play.

They even coöperated with the hated professionals to the extent of letting the association umpires help out. And next summer, or the summer after that, America will be permitted to see an open tournament in tennis, just as we can now watch an open tournament in golf. Then, indeed, will a worthy champion rule the hitherto ludicrous tennis world of the United States.

In golf there is much more modern enlightenment. A few years back its authorities were like those of tennis today. Francis Ouimet startled the world by beating Vardon and Ray in the play-off to the 1913 open, and then opened a sporting-goods store in Boston. He was suspended as an amateur, and reinstated

George Voight, amateur golfer, who changed from government clerk to bond salesman.

Bobby Jones, at left, observed the letter and spirit of amateurism by refusing the gift of a $50,000 home. With him is Francis Ouimet.

Chick Evans, a bond-selling amateur golfer.

P. & A. photos

when he cut his connection with the shop.

Bobby Jones is permitted to play against professionals whenever he feels like it, and to write for newspapers about golf. He was even informed that he might accept a $50,000 home which his admirers in Atlanta wanted to give him. They were giving it to him because they loved him. But Bobby realized that they loved him because he was the greatest golfer that ever lived, so he rejected the dwelling.

We show our mimicry of English caste in our racing of thoroughbreds. In a steeplechase, say, there will be five horses, four of them ridden by jockeys, by roughneck vulgarians, and one by an individual known as a "gentleman jockey," a gentleman who doesn't have to work for a living. So he is identified on the programs as "Mr. Shattuck," while the four roughnecks are known as Doe, Roe, Poe, and Moe.

A boy can work his way through college as a waiter and win renown as a star half-back. Or he can sell newspaper subscriptions or tooth paste or bonds. But he cannot play a great game and then write a story about it for the newspapers, which would probably pay him enough for a couple of articles to meet his tuition.

Yet who doubts that a large percentage of our famous football players are deliberately picked out of prep schools and sent to colleges by enthusiastic alumni, there to work their way through school by dusting off library books—and scoring touchdowns against a hated rival university?

Red Grange could sell ice in the summer, but he could not accept his tuition expenses in return for the hundreds of thousands of persons he drew into the stadiums of America when the University of Illinois football team profited hugely on his reputation and his prowess.

HARVARD gets a spasm of amateur virtue once in a while and decides to kill professionalism in its entirety. They hire a student football coach, smirk virtuously around the campus and in the college paper, get walloped a few times by the loathed lads at Yale or Princeton, and go back to the professional coach.

The good God endows a boy with ambition for an education and with a sturdy back, a fleet pair of legs, and an uncanny capacity for diving off tackle, but he can't use a thousand or two dollars of the hundreds of thousands he draws in at the mammoth stadiums he helped build.

Bruce Caldwell couldn't pass the Yale requirements, so he put in a year or two at Brown University to cram. While there he played part of one game for the freshman team. Years later, when he was the star of Yale's football team, somebody remembered those few minutes on the gridiron at Brown, so he was thrown off the team just before the Princeton game.

He had violated the three-year rule. This rule is a worthy effort to stop a typically American habit of winning at any cost. Not long ago it was the unblushing practice of American colleges to bring in a mob of blacksmiths and truck

Henri Cochet, the French amateur, owns three sporting-goods stores.

drivers, and send out a football team that crunched its way to victory between the goal posts.

Something had to be done to keep college football fairly amateur, and the three-year rule is about as fair as any. Yet Elmer Oliphant can play three or four years at Purdue, win a national reputation, and then show up at West Point for three more triumphant years.

Insufficient funds are provided for West Point and Annapolis athletics, yet there is no dearth of money in either place because of football receipts, clearly a professional proceeding in essence.

Charles Paddock is regarded as genuinely amateur when he runs and causes box-office receipts to swell—provided these receipts are for an athletic fund or the Olympic fund, etc. But if he takes a dollar for himself he is ostracized as unfit to commingle with amateurs.

He could make personal appearances with a motion picture he had made, but he had to employ a repellent subterfuge to get on the Olympic team, saying he would take his pay *after* the Olympic games. Thus he would retain his amateur status in the minds of the committee.

This ought to make a sportsman blush, because they let Paddock get away with this evasion as long as they thought he might win in Paris. One of the Olympic officials couldn't stomach this unsportsmanlike whitewash and resigned. Fortunately for poetic justice Paddock was a dismal flop in Amsterdam.

Chick Evans, still regarded as an amateur golfer, or pure in spirit, sells bonds.

Amelia Earhart is supposed to be an "amateur," yet she was assailed because she permitted a cigaret advertisement to bear her endorsement. The New York *Herald-Tribune* professed to be horrified at this descent from what it termed Lindbergh standards. Yet the *Herald-Tribune* didn't hesitate to accept plenty of money for the cigaret company's full-page ad.

MARY K. BROWNE honestly turned professional in tennis, and was promptly barred from amateur golf. Just what business it is of the golf authorities what Mary does in another sport, so long as she conforms to their requirements in golf, is somewhat obscure.

George Voight can win 100 tournaments as an amateur golfer and be permitted to play in the recent amateur championship at Brae Burn. Yet Voight was only a low-salaried government clerk in Washington until his remarkable gifts on the fairways made him a desirable member of North Hills Golf Club and revealed his hitherto unsuspected abilities as a Wall Street bond salesman. Well, it's fine advertising for North Hills to have on its membership roster so sterling a bond salesman—and so conspicuous a golfer.

Rudy Knepper and other golfers find errand-boy jobs, or bond-hustling jobs, or something or other in Wall Street, while they add luster to their respective golf clubs in the bigger tournaments around the country.

In other words, the amateur is a rich man's son if he is genuinely amateur. The rest of the amateurs have to profit one way or another from their fame. This is axiomatic; it is incontrovertible.

The professional is usually a chap who can step out and take the amateur to the cleaner's. He is frankly in it for what he can get out of it. It's the best thing he can do. He figures (if he figures at all) that God made him an adept at his sport or athletic choice; and what the hell, Bill: so long as he gives entertainment to the public and the public is willing to pay the carrying charges, why not get in on it?

The consequence of all this is twofold and inevitable: the first-rate amateur, unless his pa is a millionaire, will turn professional; and the rest of the amateurs in all sports are a lot of funny jokes when they stack up against the plebeian professional, who's the best in the world in his calling and is willing to prove it to any amateur on earth—for a consideration.

THE END

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 19

1—Tennessee.
2—Friday.
3—James Watt (1736-1819).
4—Pius XI.
5—Casabianca; Felicia D. Hemans.
6—All were Spanish painters.
7—A Confederate military prison in Richmond, Virginia.
8—By the fact or act itself.
9—Edward V. Rickenbacker.
10—The sinking of the steamship Titanic.
11—Paisley shawl.
12—Ford's Theater.
13—Thomas Babington Macaulay (Baron Macaulay of Rothley).
14—Hara-kiri.
15—An assumed name or nickname.
16—Washington, D. C.
17—The Bertillon system.
18—Brazil.
19—Desdemona.
20—Eugene Gladstone O'Neill.

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We strive to be accurate, but cannot guarantee impossibility of omission or error in the above Index.

TIGER!
TIGER!

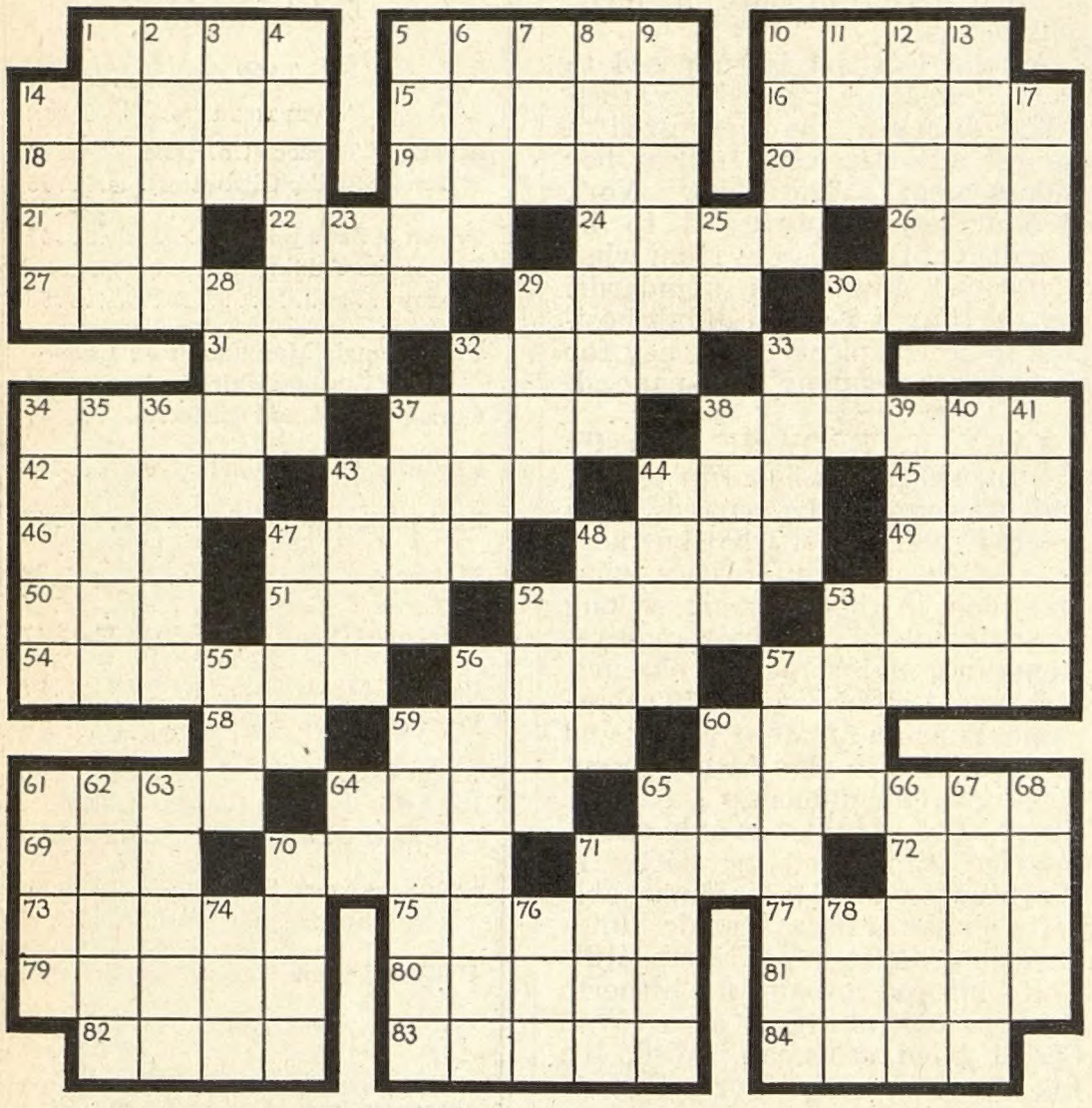
IMPRISONED in a cage with sixteen panic-stricken beasts; bitten and clawed by the great cats until she was literally torn to shreds; saved from a horrible death only by her own courage and nerve—Mable Stark, celebrated animal trainer, tells how she lived through this terrifying experience in an interview with

GRACE ROBINSON

In Next Week's LIBERTY

An *Easy* Puzzle—

Familiar words, simple definitions, and the absence of unkeyed letters in this construction provide easy sailing for even the unskilled solver of cross word puzzles.

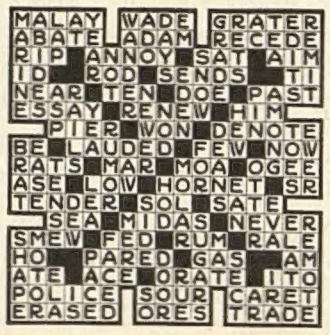


HORIZONTAL

1 Heavenly body
5 Responsibilities
10 Hollow-horned ruminant
14 Gaze fixedly
15 Living
16 Loaded
18 Beast of burden
19 Document
20 Make amends
21 Consumed
22 Malt liquor (plural)
24 Peruse
26 Steep or soak
27 Scolds
29 Made crooked
30 Insects
31 Couch
32 Ascend
33 Yes
34 Destined
37 Dunce
38 Divisions of a drama
42 Opening in a mine
43 Give way to dejection
44 Noise
45 Note of Guido's scale
46 Short-legged, stocky horse
47 Split
48 Vein of ore
49 A wit
50 Before
51 Crude metal
52 Small country road
53 Apportion
54 Draw, as from a source or root
56 Cardinal number
57 Peels
58 Note of the scale
59 Any cause of ruin
60 Perched
61 Land measure
64 Sea eagle
65 Restored to freshness
69 Japanese measure of distance
70 Spend time in idleness
71 A command or act
72 Tool for chopping
73 River in France
75 A head (anatomy)
77 Harbor
79 Relieves of strain
80 Expunge
81 Pitchers
82 Canvas shelter
83 Withers
84 Cease from action

VERTICAL

1 Declare
2 More domesticated
3 Form of to be
4 Narrated
5 Loose sleeveless garments
6 Exclamation of lament
7 Tear
8 Mountain in the Himalayas
9 Calm
10 Pleased
11 Cereal grain
12 Embellish
13 Doctrine
14 Incrustation over a sore
17 Seines
23 Guided
25 By
28 Incite
29 Secretion of the liver
30 Affirmative vote
32 Heavy cord
33 Disease of the skin
34 Confronted
35 Worship
36 River in Italy
37 Pigeon
38 One face of a triangle
39 Fresher
40 Exalt the spirits of
41 Wise men
43 Mud
44 Accomplished
47 Roam
48 Bathe
52 Cover the inner surface of
53 Companion
55 Anger
56 Flourish of trumpets
57 Wild beast of the cat kind
59 Supports
60 Ocean
61 Culmination
62 Defraud
63 Wake from sleep
64 Combining form; dawn
65 Ceremonials
66 Billows
67 Put forth effort
68 Lairs
70 For fear that
71 Melt
74 Coin of Japan
76 Equality
78 Reverential fear



Answer to last week's easy puzzle

and a *Hard* One

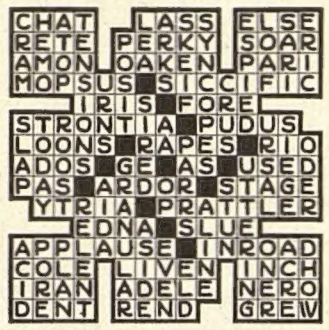
Here's a chance for a battle with some words new to cross word puzzles and difficult definitions for many old ones. It is essentially a job for the expert solver.

HORIZONTAL

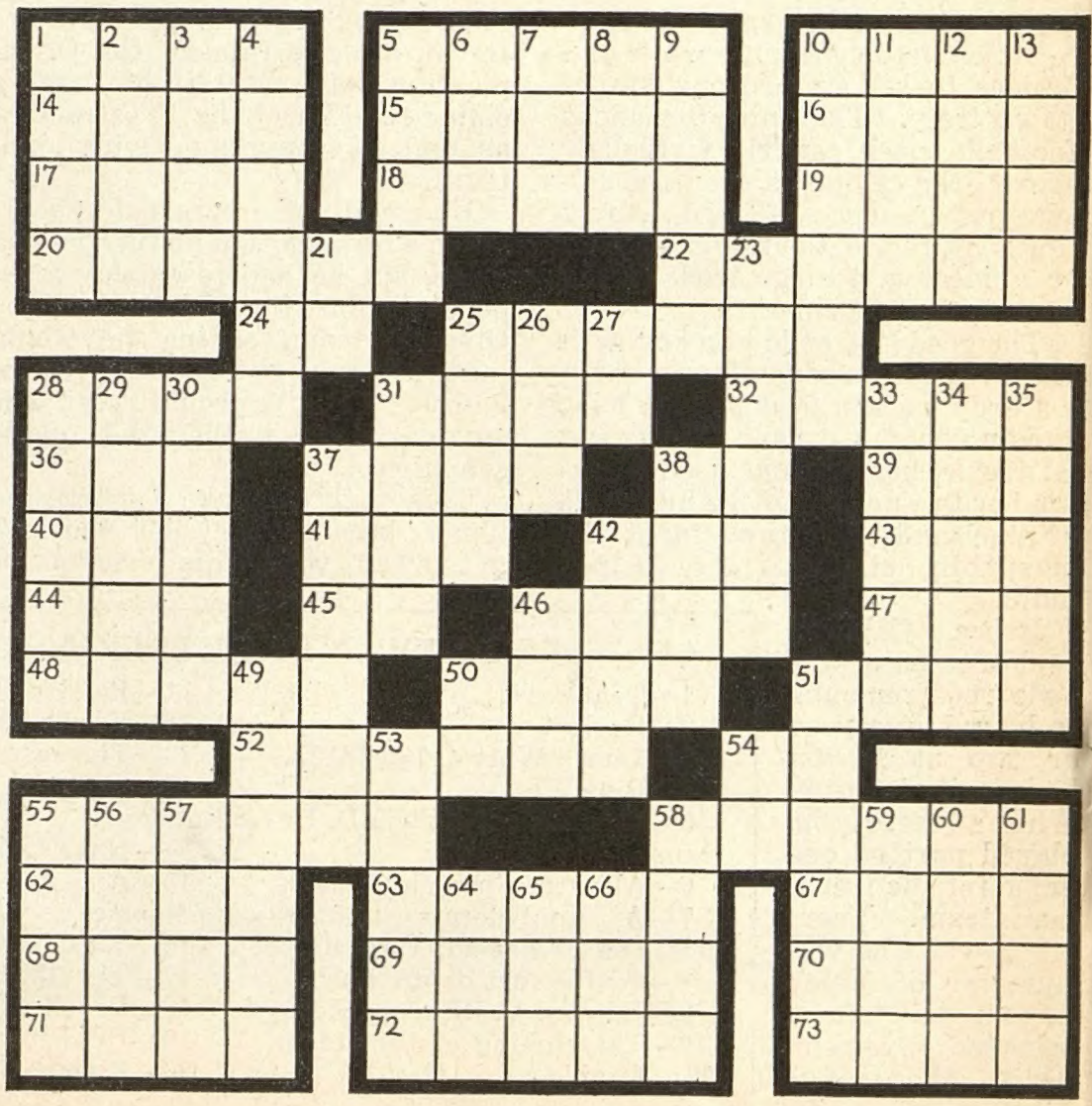
1 Hindu god of love
5 Large knife used by Filipinos (plural)
10 To coagulate
14 Redact
15 Related on the mother's side
16 Chief solid constituent of urine
17 Indecorously free, or presuming
18 A fruit
19 Bonds
20 Set so as to be within
22 Floating in water (botany)
24 Symbol for nickel
25 Limit line for bowler and batsman (cricket)
28 Reminder or incitement to action
31 Any satellite or secondary planet
32 A district of Lower Burma
36 Fill or compact by driving
37 Container for a cavalryman's carbine
38 Eldest born of Chaos (Greek religion)
39 Vessel for holding holy water
40 For an indefinite time
41 Octave above the treble staff (music)
42 Extending to a distance
43 Sun god in Babylonian mythology
44 Invest one's self with
45 Japanese measure of area
46 Points
47 Cover
48 A setting about; beginning
50 Admits to be true
51 Unaspirated consonant
52 Provided with parts for transmitting motion (machinery)
54 Not
55 Makes haste
58 Ancient Roman measure of length (plural)
62 Affects with uneasiness
63 Temporary inaction
67 Entrance or passage in a mine
68 An assessment (old English law)
69 Birds of prey
70 Edible rootstock of a tropical plant
71 Fowls
72 Approaches
73 Open space around a building

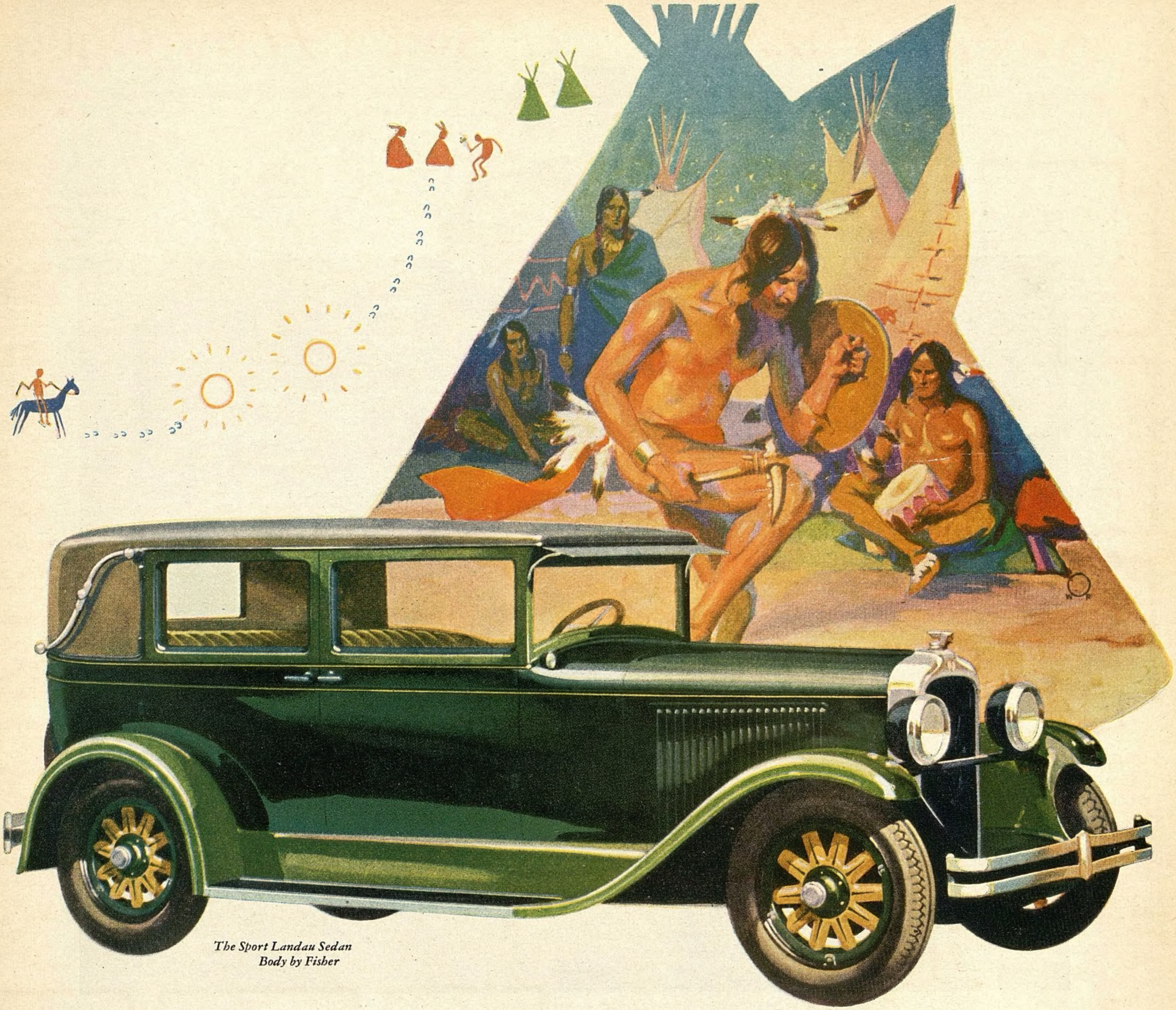
VERTICAL

1 A military cap
2 A gulf between Asia and Africa
3 Russian village community (plural)
4 Visit professionally as a physician
5 Encompass
6 Pronoun
7 To beat soundly (slang)
8 One of a tribe of Siouan Indians
9 An herb of the genus Cassia
10 A type of sleigh
11 Song
12 Pungent or stinging to the touch or taste
13 Compass point
21 Japanese measure of distance
23 Turkish money of account (plural)
25 North American surf duck
26 Offensive nonsense or trash (slang)
27 Prefix signifying in
28 Fashionable boulevard in Madrid
29 Silklike fabric.
30 Prophetic signs
31 Subsoil plow
33 Egg in an early stage of growth
34 Religious service for morning
35 Musical piece for practice
37 Moistened, as roasting meat
38 Visit between whalers at sea (plural)
42 Discover
46 Control by inspiring dread
49 Excretes
50 A conjunction
51 Zoölogical order which includes jellyfishes
53 Species of poplar
54 Greek letter
55 Girdle
56 East Indian copper coin
57 Biblical name (Joshua xix)
58 In India, a tax for a special object
59 Town in Germany
60 Weary
61 A portico
64 Form of to be
65 Character in Spenser's Faërie Queene
66 East Indian measure of weight



Answer to last week's hard puzzle





The Sport Landau Sedan
Body by Fisher

Color in the Car Calls for *Color in Pontiac Advertising*

Pontiac Advertising is prepared by Campbell-Ewald Company and appears in Liberty on regular schedule

Color in our homes...in our kitchens and in our baths. Color in cameras, typewriters... even in the clocks that toll the knell of the morning sleep. But first of all came color in our cars.

Foremost among the manufacturers to employ new and harmonious colors in automobiles was the Oakland Motor Car Company. Oakland believes firmly that a wide range of attractive colors is important to the success of any car today. And, of course, appreciating the value of color in the car, Oakland also recognizes the value of full color in its advertising pages.

Then, too, the Pontiac Six, manufactured by Oakland, represents an exceptionally fine subject for full-color advertising. Linked in name with the famous Chief Pontiac, this car is customarily pictured against colorful Indian backgrounds. Beautiful paintings are employed in these backgrounds...paintings which must be masterfully reproduced to achieve their full decorative effects.

So it is significant that Oakland uses LIBERTY as a medium for its color advertisements. In addition to other advertising advantages, LIBERTY provides the kind of reproductions which Pontiac four-color advertising requires.

LIBERTY'S mechanical equipment, its excellent presswork, the quality of paper on which the magazine is run...all were chosen to assure such a fine type of four-color printing as you see exemplified here.

That accounts for the fact that LIBERTY publishes more four-color advertisements in proportion to its total advertising pages than any other magazine. Large advertisers know printing. And LIBERTY'S four-color printing is unexcelled.

Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

H A V E A

C A M E L

"You are very wise man . . ."

But no occult power is needed to tell *that* . . .
the cigarette he has chosen is significant.

CAMELS

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